

**THE PROS: FURY IN THE EAST**  
**Sports Illustrated**

FEBRUARY 24, 1969 50 CENTS



# Smirnoff<sup>100</sup>



**The Smirnoff 100 Freeze:** A sudden cascade of frigid Smirnoff 100 over crushed ice. Only Smirnoff 100 is this clear, this clean. A little startling, like Siberian moonlight. Smirnoff 100 proof, choice of the czars. And still the driest liquor you can pour.

*Smirnoff Vodka leaves you breathless*





(A tearful tale from the MONEY file of frustrating cases)

**SAMSON:**...and, furthermore, let me tell you how strong I am. I killed 1,000 Philistines with the jawbone of an ass.

**MONEY MAN:** Sir, the MONEY actuarial tables show absolutely no correlation between strength and longevity. Unexpected things do happen, you know. Incidentally, have you seen the latest figures on chariot fatalities? Awful! Even with the new safety belts.

**SAMSON:** Wouldn't own one of today's chariots. They don't make them like they used to. Flimsy. No trade-in value.

**MONEY MAN:** Then you probably ride the public chariots. And when you add a MONEY Accidental Death Benefit

clause, should accidental death occur as a result of riding as a passenger in a public conveyance, the benefits are not just double—but triple.

**SAMSON:** Let's get back to that temple thing. You must admit the odds are pretty heavy against my being conked by a temple.

**MONEY MAN:** One never knows.

*Ed. Note: One does know today. Knows that, several years later, after being clipped by Delilah, Samson was conked by a temple. And even though our MONEY Man proved right, it pains us to relate that Samson left not one penny in insurance. Which brings us to the moral that follows directly.*

#### MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONEY.

**MONEY**  
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York

# 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive The 2-Car Cars.



**Part Dan Boone.**



**Part Don Juan.**

**'Jeep'  
4-wheel  
drive.**



This 'Jeep' Wagoneer looks as much at home around the country club as it does around the campfire. It's a great family wagon. Handsome. Sturdy. Roomy.

Then, flip one lever into 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive... you've got a different breed of car! Rough stuff? Rocks? Mud?

Sand? Don't worry, 4-wheel drive is standard equipment. So are chair-height seats and "picture window" visibility. Options include V-8, Automatic transmission. Power steering. The works.

Test drive the 2-Car Cars at your 'Jeep' dealer. And ask about resale value... 'Jeep' ruggedness never goes out of style. 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

You've got to drive it to believe it.

**KAISER JEEP CORPORATION** KJCC 100-000

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## Next week

**THE LOMBARDI LEGEND** is put on the line as Vince leaves Green Bay to coach the hapless Redskins. Bill Johnson examines Vince's feelings about himself and his future.

**FROZEN SPEED** is not a contradiction in terms when the world's best bobsledders converge on Lake Placid to determine who will be king now that Italy's Monti has retired.

**THE ROLLER DERBY** rocks and whirs its way triumphantly across the country each winter, proudly indigenous and remarkably prosperous, though disdained by classic sports fans.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

## Sports Illustrated

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As the late Dan Parker used to say in his late N.Y. *Daily Mirror* sports column, "The customers always write." Last year, for example, you wrote us 3,000 more letters than you did in 1967, telling us what you liked in the magazine, what you despised, how right we were, how wrong we were and where we could go. If you continue writing the way you did this January, we are going to drown in paper; the total will be more than double the 1968 record.

Although only a scant dozen or so of these missives can be published in the 1970 Hots each week, a large, representative number is duplicated and distributed in a weekly edition that is distributed to the staff. Every letter is answered, too, most of them by three unflappable young ladies—Lillian Wechter, Barbara Henckel and Maggie Aspinwall. The girls put in a fair amount of their time working out the answers to such questions as whether Bobby Hull can skate faster than Jim Ryan can run. They also settle bets and accept calls from bars, where, from time to time, discussions do become heated.

What draws the most mail is, of course, the controversial, which is natural enough, since sport itself is founded on controversy. Jack Olsen's series on *The Black Athlete* (SI, July 1 et seq.), for instance, produced some 1,200 letters, finally rather evenly divided between pro and con, and that is the most we ever got on one subject. The record for a single item belongs to Rita, the New Orleans stripper, who was shown balancing a couple of champagne glasses on her exuberances because that was part of the ambience of the city in which the Sugar Bowl was to be played (SI, Dec. 23). Rita got us 892 letters at last count, most of them con.

Among the regular, seasonal games, football inspires more letter writing than any other. College football preponderates, clearly because there are so many more college than professional teams. Baseball and basketball are neck and neck for second place, but it is a rather poor second. Once, because we

needed the space, we omitted the masthead, which lists staff positions, and got one letter of complaint.

Loes of letters require individual attention rather than form replies, like the one from the young lady with an RFD address who asked if she could be introduced to Joe Namath because life in her home town was simply unbearably dull and she never got a chance to meet anybody interesting. Lillian and Barbara sent the bereft young woman pictures and articles about him, and they are her friends for life. Then there was the smart-alek kid who wrote in that his teacher was crazy about Namath and would we please send him a picture of Joe so he could move up his marks a bit. He got it and we hope he is doing as well as he thought he would.

Aside from forlorn maidens and unscrupulous brats who go around berating teachers, we get some pretty good stuff from the upper echelons of society. Bishop Gerald Kennedy of the Methodist Church, Los Angeles, for instance, wrote us that "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is the best preachers' magazine being published," a thought that had not occurred to us.

"Christianity," the bishop explained, "looks upon life as a contest. St. Paul's words in 1 Corinthians 9:24-27 describe living as a struggle with something mighty important at stake. [You could look it up.] We strive for victory according to rules that were set down long before we arrived and will be in effect long after we are gone. . . . The preacher needs to be reminded of this, and that is why I urge all my ministers to take *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and read it right along with their Bibles."

Gary Hall

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The price  
of Old Rarity  
is quite  
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Not too heavy, not too light.  
Old Rarity, the premium scotch  
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Anymore, I'll See You This Year, etc.



1478 Includes: Rock-A-Boogie's Best  
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With You, Greatest Hit



1785 Includes: Everybody Loves  
Somebody, Hawaiian, Mickey's  
Baby Again, Running Around, etc.



1186 Includes: Everybody's Got  
My Sunny Boy, Can't Shake It  
Anymore, I'll See You This Year, etc.



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# SCORECARD

## TROUBLED OIL ON WATERS

The oil-slick disaster off Santa Barbara has revived memories of the wreck of the *Torrey Canyon* two years ago, when 100,000 tons of oil were discharged into the waters off the Cornish coast of England. Drastic efforts were made by the British to get rid of the runaway oil, including the application of vast amounts of detergent.

Today the damaged beaches are clean again—but antiseptically clean. There is no oil around, true, but little evidence of life, either, except for green-brown algae that flourish on the rocks along the shore. The algae are ordinarily controlled by small marine creatures like limpets that live in the littoral between low and high tides, but these were killed off in the disaster and are only just beginning to reappear. It apparently will take years for the old balance of nature to be restored.

The significant thing is that the cure was worse than the disease. That is, the detergents did much more damage to marine life than the oil did (birds, of course, were a different story, they were crippled and strangled by the oil). Although some marine breeding grounds were smothered and commercial fishermen were hurt because their catch began to have an unpleasant taste, marine life in general was not grievously damaged by the oil. Yet it was all but destroyed by the detergents. Along the shore, for example, 75% of the limpets survived on beaches hit by oil, but less than 10% were left on those oily beaches that were cleaned. Limpets and the like normally restrict the green-brown algae to about 28% of the rock surfaces along the Cornish beaches. On beaches that were damaged by oil but not treated with detergents, the algae have increased, but only to about 37%. On oil-damaged beaches that were treated, the algae population exploded and has spread to 86% of the rock area.

A British ecologist said recently, "If there should be another *Torrey Canyon*-

type disaster, we really mustn't plaster detergent everywhere. When it does have to be used the affected areas should be washed down with sea water afterward."

Santa Barbara, please note.

## REAL TIGER

Princeton beat Columbia a short while back in an Ivy League basketball showdown that aroused widespread interest. Late in the first half a phone rang on the press table in the Princeton gym, and a voice asked how the game was going. Told that Princeton had a three-point lead with a man on the foul line and two minutes to go in the half, the caller asked if he could stay on the phone for a personal play-by-play until the intermission.

"Sorry, we can't keep the line tied up like that," he was informed. "Why don't you listen to the game on the radio?"

"I can't," the fan said sadly. "I'm calling from Waco, Texas."

## HOLY TOLEDGO

Jones Junior High is the best junior high in Toledo, as the old song says, and the Toledo Junior Blades are the best junior hockey team in the International Junior Hockey League. When regular-season play ended last week, the Junior Blades had a record of 24 wins, no losses and no ties, and they had scored 257 goals (the three other teams in the league combined scored only 285) to their opponents' 49. Toledo's average winningscore was a whopping 11-2.

All of which, evidently, was extremely frustrating for Mike Mackintosh of third-place Dayton (eight wins, 15 losses, one tie). Although Toledo had six of the top 10 scorers, there was Dayton's Mackintosh in second place, and he was first in actually putting goals into the net (54 of his team's total of 94). Mike also led the league in penalty time, with 139 minutes in the 21 games he played. The top penalty total in the National Hockey League after more than

50 games this season was only 156 minutes, which means that on a percentage basis Mike Mackintosh is twice as mad as the maddest man in the NHL.

Sounds like a natural for the Boston Bruins, doesn't he?

## TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD

We have been up to our ears in artificiality lately. We have had nylon-bubble field houses, AstroTurf and Tartan Turf fields, dyed golf traps and plastic weed beds. Now we have waterless boats. The hit of the London Boat Show this winter was a thing called the Power-Rider, built by Reddon Air Trainers, Ltd. It looks like a full-sized outboard motorboat, but it is actually a complex electronic toy controlled by a minuscule analogue computer. It is a sort of super maritime version of those little mockup automobiles in amusement parks, the ones you have to steer over a filmed highway that comes at you on a movie screen. Instead of a highway, the Power-Rider faces a screen filled with a watery racecourse, complete with straightaways and



curves and stretches of rough water. As you drive the course you get all the "big kick" sensation of powerboat racing—noise, speed, roll, pitch and planing or bulleting if the throttle is not reduced at the proper times. Throughout the ride you are serenaded by the sound of a 125-hp Mercury engine roaring out of two loudspeakers in the stern.

The ride, we are told, can be so rough that safety harnesses must be worn, and it is further reported that the experience is so true to life that some people get seasick. The Power-Rider apparently has

continued



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#### SCORECARD continued

achieved some sort of synthetic first; all the disabilities and none of the pleasures of boating.

#### ZATOPEK'S FATE

During the tragically brief period of freedom in Czechoslovakia, Emil Zatopek, the remarkable distance runner who won four gold medals and a silver at the 1948 and 1952 Olympic Games (including a unique 5,000-10,000-marathon sweep in 1952), spoke out with startling candor about the restrictive conditions that had hitherto prevailed in his country (SCORECARD, July 29, 1968). When night fell again in Czechoslovakia in August, little or nothing was heard about Zatopek. But a recent copy of a Czech weekly magazine called the *Reporter* carried a letter from Ludek Pachman, a noted chess player and mathematician, protesting Zatopek's demotion from the defense ministry to a post as assistant coach of an army track team in Prague. Pachman wrote: "I think many people in this land will agree that such status for a man who belongs to the most famous figures of the last quarter of a century is our joint shame, and I do not intend to bear this shame without protest."

Long live Emil Zatopek. Long live Ludek Pachman.

#### NOOKED HORN

In Texas former college students are seldom referred to as alumni. They are usually called ex-students, or exes for short. When Steve Fleming, a sought-after high school halfback, was asked why he had finally settled on the University of Texas as he explained that his father and mother had gone there, that a cousin had played football there and that several other relatives had attended the university. "I guess," he concluded, "the ties of exes were upon me."

#### CONFRONTATION

No sooner had Baseball Coach Charles (Bobo) Brayton of Washington State scheduled a "trim-in" to keep his players, who began practice last week, from resembling one of those old House of David teams than English Professor Howard McCord retaliated in kind.

"I am requiring male students in English 452 (Creative Poetry) to allow their hair and, or beards to grow to suitably poetic lengths," wrote Professor McCord to the campus newspaper, *The Daily*

*Evergreen*. "By this I hope they will feel more deeply a part of American poetry, following the hirsute tradition of such poets as Walt Whitman, Ezra Pound, Allen Ginsberg."

"But," added Professor McCord, "I think Professor Brayton's requirement is a dandy idea. It's a good device for creating and reinforcing a positive image . . . and preparing his players for the demands of the professional baseball world."

Coch Brayton was doubly pleased, first by the appellation of professor and second by the suggestion that his team had players with major league futures. He hustled over to McCord's office, and the two, meeting for the first time, hit it off splendidly. McCord showed Brayton a copy of his latest book of poetry, *Long-james His Propels*, and Brayton promised that his team would have a winning season. Then the pair posed amiably for photographers under a huge poster-photograph of Allen Ginsberg, with McCord, who had a rich growth of hair, holding a Louisville Slugger, and Brayton, whose head is as slick as a baseball, holding the book of poems.

## HIGH COST OF HURTING

A recent article in *Medical World News* claims that medical expenses cost professional football teams more than \$2 million a year. The magazine says that last season a team spent between \$30,000 and \$60,000 on hospital and doctors' bills, \$20,000 for medical and disability insurance and \$5,000 to cover the cost of tape, bandages and medication for relatively minor injuries. The teams also have to buy and maintain therapeutic devices, as well as pay the salaries of team trainers.

"Medical expenses are staggering," an NFL owner admitted, "but the biggest expense is paying the salaries of injured players who cannot perform. It probably comes to something like \$3 million for both leagues."

That seems high (every team would have to have an average of four \$30,000 players out of action in every game), but even so it seems reasonable to assume that the overall cost of injuries (plus an occasional head cold) runs well over \$100,000 a team each season.

A rather depressing statistic, particularly if you metamorphose the dollar signs into images of Gale Sayers being carried off the field. Larry Bowie beams

...continued

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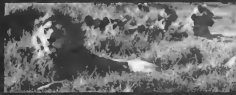
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**SCORECARD** *continued*

operated on for a blood clot on the right side of his brain, Les Josephson going out for the season with a torn Achilles' tendon.

Several studies of injuries are being made—with an eye to finding how most of them are caused and how they can be reduced in number and severity—but some pro football people have expressed little interest. "Football is a rough game," said one owner, "but, heck, I lost more games to the Hong Kong flu than I did to brittle knee joints. What should we do—eliminate tackling so that the fellows don't spread germs?"

This rather inane comment conveniently ignores the central problem, and it also shows a certain insensitivity to the financial agony of stockholders. As one team physician remarked: "If the Neanderthals in this game turn their backs on research results, they're just begging to get clipped."

### **NOT MY BAG**

For the rugged outdoor man, the Woods Bag and Canvas Company of Ogdensburg, N.Y., has developed a sleeping bag that costs \$750. The bag contains 4½ pounds of eiderdown, a cashmere lining and a zip-in Hudson Bay blanket. The hood is mouton hide, and the ruffle around the hide is northern wolf.

"We built it mostly as a show stopper," said a man at the National Sporting Goods Association convention in Houston, "but we've sold a few. Most of them have been gifts to the man who has everything."

Naturally. It's obvious that this is not the average hunter's bag.

### **THEY SAID IT**

• Howie Dallmar, Stanford basketball coach, on Lew Alcindor's devastating length-of-the-court passes: "They're tough to stop. It's like rushing the passer in football. You don't know whether to go in after Alcindor or drop people back like linebackers to cover his receivers."

• Al Davis, general manager of the Oakland Raiders, the AFL's Western Division champions, after the pro football draft. "I'm not sure this socialized system is best. It doesn't seem fair to penalize a team for winning. If you can't win the championship, you're better off doing what Buffalo did—finish last and get the first pick."

EWING



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# FOUR FOR THE BUNDLE

*Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston are tearing up the megalopolis with the tightest and most exciting race in pro basketball history. The stakes are as high as \$10,000 per player for the ultimate winner* **by JOE JARES**

**T**he Eastern Division of the National Basketball Association, once the exclusive fief of the Boston Celtics, is caught up in the wildest championship race in its history (see cover). The battle is among Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and, of course, Boston—four teams playing superbly and packing in such big crowds that NBA attendance is up 12% over last year. Baltimore has a 4-1 record against Boston, Boston is whumping Philadelphia 4-2, Philadelphia has beaten Baltimore three out of five and New York, currently the hottest team in the league, has an edge over each of the other three. They are elbowing each other out of the way like commuters on the Tokyo subway.

In Madison Square Garden last Saturday night, before a sellout crowd of 19,500, the New York Knickerbockers outscored San Francisco 15-0 in a third-quarter splurge and went on to their 11th straight win, a club record, and 20th straight at home. Before an equally jammed house the previous Saturday night they demolished division-leading Baltimore with a similar spurt in the fourth quarter.

But the Bullets refused to collapse. Playing in Baltimore's Civic Center last week, they won the fourth of their last five starts, all without the help of Captain and All-Star Forward Gus Johnson, forced out for the rest of the season with torn knee ligaments.

In Boston Garden, Bill Russell, who for one stricken moment thought he might be through for the year with a similar injury, returned after a week and played 45 minutes. Dragging his sore leg behind him, he led the defending champion Celtics to an overtime victory over Philadelphia.

In the Spectrum, earlier, Philadelphia beat New York in a double overtime as the 76ers' Billy Cunningham, only the team's sixth man last year, scored a career high of 44 points.

All four teams are fairly certain to make the playoffs (starting the week of March 23), but the players have not let up. They want the prestige of first, or at least second, place and, more to the point, they want the cash that goes with finishing higher. It is possible for each man on the team winning the playoffs to take home an extra \$10,000. Fourth place, says the Celtics' John Havlicek, is to be sneezed at. "We have to play playoff ball right now. You don't get a damn thing for finishing fourth except you get into the playoffs. A team splits up only \$10,000 for finishing second."

With New York in second after last weekend, long-frustrated Garden habit-

ues were treating Knick tickets as if they were fifth-row orchestra seats at *Promises, Promises*. An estimated 8,000 were turned away from the Baltimore game and, despite the Great Snow Fall, 12,000 souls mushed through unplowed streets to watch a midweek game against lowly Phoenix. The Knicks, 6-13 on Nov. 21 and 38 of 46 since then, had become New York's new *in* team.

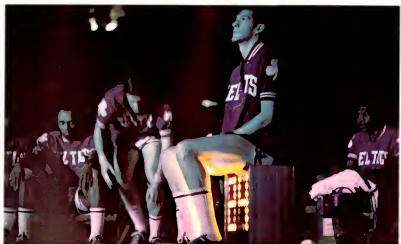
"The year before we got off to a bad start but then got to know each other," says Guard Walt Frazier. "This season we came back and we were like strangers again. You'd have one guy working and four guys looking at him. We had numerous meetings to figure out what was wrong and we'd still go out and lose. Then we got confidence and after the trade we really got going."

The trade, which is talked about now almost mystically, sent Center Walt Bellamy and Guard Howard Komives to Detroit for 6'7" Dave DeBusschere, and it might be remembered as the deal that decided the NBA championship. DeBusschere gave New York an experienced and tough forward who could shoot, rebound, run, play defense and think (he was Detroit's player-coach at age 24).

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DODD JR.

*Action in the East involved unexpected confrontations between Baltimore's Jack Marin (24) and New York's Nate Bowman (17) and the expected from Wilis Reed, guarding Archie Clark (21). Billy Cunningham is involuntarily down and Boston's John Havlicek is voluntarily resting.*





Beginning a deadly two-on-one fast break against the Haws, Dan Meyer of New York (left)



whips the ball past defender Milt Guibbs (14) moving all alone under the basket—who leaps high at Madison Square Garden for easy score.

His presence allowed Forward Willis Reed to move over and resume his former identity at center, where he was runner-up as the NBA rookie of the year four seasons ago.

"It's like being in a foreign country for a long, long time and then coming back to your old home town," he says joyfully.

Team Captain Reed, sticking almost exclusively to his left-handed jump shot in the key, leads the Knicks in rebounding and scoring. Forward Bill Bradley and Guard Dick Barnett are two of the NBA's finest shooters, but the chief challenger to Reed for supremacy among the Knicks is the second-year guard, Frazier, who leads the team in assists, averages 16 points a game, brings the ball upcourt and usually defends against the opposition's toughest backcourt man.

"Right now," says Reed, "I don't rate but one player over him, and that's Oscar Robertson. There's no guard in the NBA I'd rather play with than Walt."

Frazier played probably his finest game as a pro Saturday night against San Francisco. He stole the ball eight times, scored 24 points, took 14 rebounds and had 13 assists. In the third quarter, when New York went from four points behind to 11 points ahead, he stole the ball three times, blocked a shot and scored nine of his team's 15 points.

Winning so often, the Knicks are a loose, happy team of diverse parts. Frazier is probably the NBA's champion sleeper and when he is not in pajamas he sports clothes from the Bonnie and Clyde era, including a wide-brimmed hat. Reed runs a basketball camp in the off season and gives promising black kids a free ride, always trying to influence them to get a college education. Bradley, the recipient of a big bonus after his scholarly Rhodes days, has been tagged Dollar Bill, without any apparent animosity intended. And Mike Riordan, whose main job is to go into the game at strategic times and foul somebody, is the "scum coach." This title derives from his practice of polling players after the game to decide who made the most atrocious shot. The winner receives the mythical "scum ball," the antithesis of pro football's cherished game-ball award.

"The most important factors concerning New York are their momentum and their attitude," says Detroit Coach Paul Seymour. "Take Bradley, for instance. A few days ago he was so sick he was throwing up all over the place, but he stayed in the game. When you're losing, the first little bump and everybody wants to get out, to rest, to save himself for something else. The Knicks have not only got some fine talent, they've got a great attitude."

Since injuries have taken away Forwards Cazzie Russell and Phil Jackson, they need that proper frame of mind. The frighteningly thin bench consists of three rookies, two of whom do not play much, and Center Nate Bowman, an expansion-team castoff. When they work out at Lost Battalion Recreation Center in Queens, they do not even have the 10 men necessary for a scrimmage. It follows that if any starter, and particularly Reed, gets into foul trouble the Knicks will be lucky to win. So far everybody has managed to keep his fouling at a minimum and his playing time at a maximum. But under the extra strain of the playoffs the Knicks might not be so fortunate.

Philadelphia really has no business being in the race. The 76ers traded Wilt Chamberlain, the greatest scorer and second-best rebounder in the history of the game, to the Lakers, and their fine coach, Alex Hannum, switched over to the ABA. Then in December 6'9" Lucious Jackson, Chamberlain's burly replacement, went out with an Achilles' tendon injury and it seemed time to deflate the basketballs and disband. Yet, there stands Philadelphia right up near the head of the class and attendance at the Spectrum is running about 2,000 a game ahead of last season. If high winds do not damage the Spectrum's roof

*continued*





again, the lid might be blown off by sheer fan enthusiasm.

"After Walt was traded, the best the papers could say was we'd be a more exciting team without him," says Billy Cunningham. "That's like somebody fixing you up with an ugly blind date and then trying to hide what a loser she is by saying she's a great dancer."

The main reason for the 76ers' surprise success is Cunningham, the brash forward from Brooklyn who is known as The Kangaroo Kid or just Kang. He is only 6' 6", a sapling in a courtful of redwoods, but he is the team leader in rebounds and 10th in the NBA. That, he says, is what comes of growing up practicing on playgrounds with guys nicknamed Airplane, Helicopter and The Elevator Man.

Operating last season as one of the league's best sixth men, Cunningham scored 19 points a game. Now, as a starter (and an All-Star pick), he is averaging almost 25, some baskets coming on the long jump shot he has perfected since his college days at North Carolina but most coming in heavy traffic close to the hoop. He loves to free-lance and is much more effective now that Chamberlain is not clogging up the key.

"You can't really stop him, he takes bad shots," said an Eastern Division opponent. "I don't think he can make 'em when you're not on him. He needs contact. He likes to go down the middle or across the middle, sort of like Elgin Baylor used to play—hanging up there and making shots under his arm and every which way."

"I wasn't too good at outside shooting before I turned pro," explains Cunningham, "because when I was learning basketball at home in Brooklyn we always played outdoors. Nobody shot jumpers much because you had to know where the wind was blowing from and compensate for it. Mostly it was a driving game."

Not only does he rebound and score, but he officiates, too. Many NBA players grouse about decisions that affect them directly. Cunningham likes to get in a word or two or three on almost every play, even if he is a floor length away from the incident. If a fellow 76er is the victim of a foul, Cunningham of-

ten makes the call before the referee has a chance to blow his whistle. In a game in New York he was, as usual, playing and officiating at the same time when Knickerbocker Coach Red Holzman, not having much luck with the refs that night, hollered in desperation, "Billy, if you're going to referee, how about calling them both ways."

Cunningham denies he deserves an honorary striped shirt, saying, with a touch of modesty, "I don't call three-second violations much."

Philadelphia is not all Cunningham, of course. After General Manager Jack Ramsay reluctantly replaced Hannum with himself, he installed a full-court press that is feared all around the league. He decided to put Guards Hal Greer, Wally Jones and Archie Clark in at the same time, backed up by Cunningham, and the result was a sort of dash-and-scramble mayhem that helps make up for the rebounding strength that disappeared with Chamberlain and Jackson.

"I figure with our speed and extra defense we can give away 10 rebounds a game and still win," says Ramsay. "To do it we must force turnovers and then handle the ball well when we get it. So far, it's worked."

If Philadelphia has been surprising, Baltimore has been amazing. The Bullets finished sixth and last in the Eastern Division in '68, yet they have been first almost this entire season, upping their home attendance by nearly 3,000 spectators a game. Those are solid figures, unlike the questionable ones of two or three years ago when the club was using 50¢ tickets and other gimmicks to pump up the gate.

The difference essentially has been one man, rookie Westley Unseld from Louisville. He is listed at 6' 7½", but he is really not quite 6' 7", and even his own college coach thought he would have to play forward in the pros. So there he is playing the pivot for the Bullets and ranking fourth in rebounds in the NBA behind three guys 7' 1", 6' 9½" and 6' 9". And he probably already is the league's best at taking down a rebound and whipping out a pass to start the fast break.

"He's one of the most selfish players I've ever seen," says New York's Reed. "Last year we outrebounded them, but this year they know if the shot is missed Unseld is going to be right on top of that ball. If Baltimore

wins this thing, I think he should be a strong contender for most valuable player." Baltimore had plenty of shooters—Earl Monroe, Kevin Loughery, Jack Marin—but it needed a consistent board man and Unseld has been just that.

Like Holzman at New York and Ramsay at Philadelphia, Baltimore Coach Gene Shue has done a good coaching job. His cleverest move, though, was catching on early that Unseld could do things he had no business even dreaming about. Shue also wisely resisted trading away reserve Forward Ed Manning, an eighth-round draft choice two years ago. Keeping him around paid off when Gus Johnson got hurt.

Boston, uncomfortable down in fourth place, must worry about two spectators sneaking up from behind, fifth-place Cincinnati and old age. John Havlicek in 1962 was the last rookie of consequence to make the Celtics. Bill Russell is 35, Bailey Howell is 32 and hampered by an injury and Sam Jones is 35 and playing his last season. Still, all MVP talk about Reed, Frazier, Cunningham and Unseld aside, Russell is the man who could bring Boston back. After Russell's magnificent posthospital game against the 76ers, Havlicek told *The Boston Globe*: "It's a damn shame you have to place so much of a load on one person. They keep saying this guy is the key, that guy is the key. There's only one key—him [Russell]—and he's only human, like everybody else."

If the standings stay as they are now—and the way things have been going that is not at all likely—first-place Baltimore will open the playoffs against third-place Philadelphia and second-place New York will meet the Celtics. If any of the seven-game series go down to the final game, the team higher in the standings gets that game on its home court. Ticket windows up and down the megalopolis are sure to be mobbed.

"We seem to be the team with the momentum right now," says the Knicks' Frazier, doing a little analyzing between naps. "But Boston's tradition is going to make them tough from now on—the pride of the Celtics. Unseld's made a big difference in Baltimore, and Philly has Cunningham and that great press. Nobody's really out of it."

"Sometimes I sit down and try to figure out who I'd rather play in the playoffs, and I can't honestly come up with a team."

END

*Knicks' Walt Frazier, who draws toughest defensive assignments, duels with Earl Monroe.*

# THE NEWEST SENATOR IN TOWN

*One would think that getting Vince Lombardi would be enough excitement, but last week Washington, D.C. learned that Ted Williams—terrible, wonderful Ted Williams—would be managing the Senators* **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

The man who got Ted Williams up off his big fat tackle box and bucked into baseball where he belongs impressed Williams immediately as "the smartest man I ever met—a hell of a smart guy." (At the art of sizing up people Williams is a first-impressionist.)

By securing the last of the 400 hitters for his Washington Senators, New Owner Bob Short in fact succeeded on a double piece of smart business: 1) he was able to talk Williams into managing, which no one else has been able to do since Ted quit playing eight years ago, and 2) he was able to talk Williams into managing the adynamic Senators, which no one would want to do without the kind of contract baseball managers never get.

Where Williams showed smarts of his own was in demanding and receiving precisely that, the kind of contract a baseball manager never gets. The total package is for more than \$1.5 million. The contract runs five years, at \$100,000 per year in salary, but payment will be spread over a much longer period. He also gets a gift of stock and an option to purchase more after the fifth year, so that Williams will wind up owning 10% of the club. He is designated as a vice-president. He cannot be fired but he can quit. The relatively leisurely five years he has to build a winner is unheard of in baseball.

Nevertheless, if after the first year Williams decides he was right all along—that managing a baseball team is an aggravation beyond human endurance—then he can kick himself upstairs, to be general manager or to adopt whatever role he thinks would serve the club best. If he wants only to get back to his wife, small son and fishing boat on the Florida Keys, he can do that, too. Short, in the meantime, was assured a quick return on his investment. Right away he had a bonanza in publicity: a name for the deprived Washington baseball fans to feed on, a museum piece come to life, and probably the most important name in baseball for the season to come. He paid a giddy price to get it, but that in

itself makes for better promotion than if he had shopped for a bargain. Short simply followed the Sonny Werblin hypothesis that a \$400,000 quarterback is a promotional asset rather than a fiscal liability. In competition for the fans' dollar at home, Short had also at least equaled the coup of Washington Redskins President Edward Bennett Williams in hiring Vince Lombardi.

The Senators being as uncharismatic a team as there is in baseball, Short is hanking that thousands will come out—home and away—just to see Ted Williams manage. To see if he can manage. To see if he can keep his calm in the gale of a 10-game losing streak. Maybe to boo him if he can't. In Boston, Williams had a few steady followers who paid their way into Fenway Park for the express purpose of booing him.

Williams hated the boos and he reacted to them, sometimes sensationally, and there was a history of heavily publicized encounters with the Boston press. As a player, however, he could lash back by hitting home runs; he could slay his critics with brilliance at the plate. He always considered the manager's job unredeeming in this respect. He saw it, essentially, as a defenseless position. Years ago he turned down an offer to manage the Red Sox and declared that he coveted no other job.

Indeed, until the last moment before yielding to Bob Short's advances, Williams resented the prospect of his actually being Out There on the Field, out there where you "make a blunder and everybody in the whole damn world knows it, and there's no doubt I would make some blunders, no doubt about it at all." The night before he flew north to meet Short, Ted sliced into a thick rare steak he had grilled on the patio of a friend's house in Miami (he takes charge of barbecues) and said, "The one thing, the only thing, that could make me change my mind is m-o-n-e-y. I haven't got it made yet. It may look like I have, I'm close but I'm not fixed financially. This might be the way. Let's

face it," he said, "there's a price for everything."

As he examined his feelings further, however, it was clear—if not to him, then to his listener—that money was not the only motivation. He said he had had fishing and hunting unlimited for the past eight years. As much as he loved the idyllic life he had fashioned for himself, it had amounted to an awful lot of time spent on his rear end. Baseball remained his first love. He had been only on the fringes of it for eight years—as a batting coach for young Red Sox players in the spring, a job he found increasingly unrewarding. He had strong, intelligent opinions about baseball, about how to improve it. And he knew he had always been able to establish a rapport with his players and he was wasting it all talking to the walls. "This may be my last real chance to get back into baseball on my own terms," he said.

By this time Short's campaign to win him was proceeding apace. First Short had called long distance from Minneapolis, signifying his intentions. He indicated Williams could write his own ticket. Williams said he knew nothing about managing, he did not even know the players Washington had besides Frank Howard and a couple of others, and that he appreciated the offer but please try and get someone else. Then came a call from Joe Cronin, president of the American League and Ted's first manager in Boston. Cronin asked him to take the job. He said the league needed him. Baseball needed him.

Short called again. He volunteered to hop into his Lear Jet and fly down to Islamorada to close the deal. Williams, resisting the hard sell, said that would not be necessary, that he had to go to South Carolina for Sears anyway, and if Short could meet him in Atlanta that would be fine. In the meantime, Wil-

*is his first press conference as manager-to-be. Williams shows newsmen with his affability*



liams called a Sears executive to apprise him of what was going on. His \$100,000-plus contract with Sears—personal services, endorsements, etc.—requires around two months of his time per year, and both he and the company value it highly.

Short and Williams met at the Marriott Hotel in Atlanta and talked through dinner. Short told him he had seen him play as a boy in Minneapolis in 1938. He said he had worn holes in his pants sitting on the bleachers watching Ted hit. They talked into the night. The next day Short flew Williams on to South Carolina. Short had won his point. "A self-made man," said Williams. "A smart man."

When Williams returned to Miami he was abubble with ideas. "I guarantee you we will win more games," he said. The first thing he wanted to do was move the fences in. "Maybe it will mean we will lose 7-6 instead of 2-1," he said. "But at least it will be more exciting."

Short said he liked the idea. Williams said he was going to take a hard look at the background in D.C. Stadium. He said background can run hitters.

At Miami International Airport he was met with his first press conference. He still had not signed a contract, there being a few details remaining unsettled, nor had he signed it by week's end, but his enthusiasm left little doubt that he would become manager. The press conference was an acid test, and he handled it flawlessly. He gave the writers as much time as they wanted, and gave the stragglers extra time. He seemed to enjoy himself.

He said the most important thing he could do as a manager was to get his players "wanting to win." He was asked if he realized that great hitters like Horneby and Cobb could not cut it as managers. He said he knew it, sure, "and they were great baseball minds. But they were not yes men."

He said he did not expect any trouble with the Washington press. He knew

many of them from years past and they always had good relations. "There was only one little town I had trouble in," he said.

"Yes, and what are you going to do when you get to Boston?" a reporter asked. "Hide in the dugout," he said. A television sportscaster said he was amazed. "I can't get over how charming you are, Bush, this is so unlike you," he needed.

"Bakney," said Williams, raising his voice but grinning. "That just goes to show how little you know me."

Outside, Williams rented a car and pointed it south. "How is that?" he said. "Handled that without a hitch. I'm not worried about the press a bit. I'm not going to have any trouble in that department." He said the thing for him to do now was to go on a little diet and take off some of that stomach that had been accumulating for eight years. He wanted to look good when he got back in uniform.

END





*In Willie's first start he kept Princess Endeavour close to the pace, won in the stretch. It was the City's very first victory.*

## Old Shoe Just as Good as New



For No. 2 he brought *Reaving Room* (above) from last to first, then went wire to wire with *Jay's Double* in the day's final race.

*Willie Shoemaker had won \$40 million, including 79 \$100,000 stakes, when he was thrown from his horse on Jan. 23, 1968. The fall broke his right leg, and it took 13 months of healing and therapy before he came back last week at Santa Anita. "I was a little wobbly until I got into the gate," he says, "and then I relaxed. My leg doesn't hurt. I'll be back to normal in a week." He looked normal on Tuesday. He had three mounts, none of them the favorite, and won with all three.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHELDY & LONG





## AN INFALLIBLE REVELATION BY THE POPE OF SKIING

First he taught the world to wiggle on skis—but now Professor Kruckenhauser has discovered a better way: go wide-stance and whoop it up like all the kids do

by BOB OTTUM

**T**he one fact we all refuse to face about learning to ski—forever turning our well-tailored, stretch-pantsed backs on it—is that it is easy. Easy. There you have it, out in the open at last. There is really nothing tough about skiing. There has been nothing tough about it from the beginning and, if she could find a pair of bifocal goggles, your grandmother could ski the Valluga. Just a touch of *Hacker* here and there, a little bit of the old *Schwaps Schwaps* and she could make it from the top of Austria to the bottom. The thing is, anyone can ski anywhere, which is exactly what this old man has been saying for years. And at last, glory be, the world is starting to listen to him.

He is Austrian, of course, and he lives in a beat-up pink stucco barracks on top of the Arlberg Pass. For 35 years St. Christoph has been a Mecca for student instructors, those crazy people who want to learn how to teach other people to ski, and they have struggled up the pass to get the word from the old man. It has to be a labor of love, for once they get there he books them into

a tiny room that smells of boiled cabbage, he barks at them, belittles them, browbeats them, orders them around like an old general, pounds their psyches full of dents, rearranges their personalities and teaches them to ski. When they leave to go back down into the valley they are perfect. The name Professor Stefan Kruckenhauser leads all others in ski instruction, he is to the sport what Sigmund Freud, a countryman, was to the shrinking of heads.

Kruckenhauser did not invent skiing, although some of his disciples will dispute even that point. But he was one of the first men to figure out what principles made it work, sometime back in 1932-33. If he could patent all the innovations he has made since that time, legally put his name on them and sell them, he would be richer than J. Paul Getty. But that does not bother him. Getty has his oil, which is not very romantic stuff, and the professor has his mountaintop and an amplified megaphone to yell through. The professor has a kingdom.

It is particularly fitting, now that he

is 64 and still teaching, that suddenly more and more people are starting to listen to him about skiing being easy. History will note that this new wave of respect began last year with two events: 1) the successes of the French and Jean-Claude Killy, whom the professor definitely did not invent, and 2) Kruckenhauser's dramatic appearance at the 1968 Inter ski congress last spring in Aspen, Colo. with a movie that shows what he did discover.

Skiing professionals have the tendency to make their sport sound mysterious, full of weightings and unweightings and secret rotations of shoulders, knees and backsides. Five minutes with an instructor usually convinces any beginner that he will never make it. Nonsense, the old man told the congress. Look. Killy skis in the simplest style possible, right? He also skis well. Don't all racers ski simply? And then the professor unpacked his film and showed the delegates from 19 nations the shots he had taken of a gang of raggedy Austrian kids who had never skied before. And there they all were, all spraddle-legged, holding their



LEGS SPRAIDLED, PROFESSOR KRUCKENHAUSER'S 'SCHWUPFKINDER' (DOPS-TURN KIDS) SHOW WHAT HE MEANS BY WIDE STANCE

arms way out, turning where they wanted to turn on the hill—all skiing and having fun. This, said Kruckenhauser, is what I have been trying to tell you all along. These are my *Stemmkinder* (the stem-turn kids). And my *Schwupfkinder* (the oops-turn kids). Kids don't ski with their legs together, they ski with them apart. They ski this way because this is all they know. Now then. If we can only get our instructors to forget everything and ski simpler, skiing as a sport is suddenly available to everyone. In brief, we should all learn to ski like the kids.

The film frankly shocked the Interski congress and started an argument that is still raging. But it also started a minor revolution in ski instruction that is catching on more and more this season.

Back in his mountain hideout a couple of weeks ago the professor sat down and explained the whole thing. He did not give an interview. Nobody interviews the old man—they get what turns out to be a kind of audience. He strides on, three-quarters of an hour late, sits down and orders a shivovitz. Everything that

follows is a monologue, a one-man show punctuated with frowns, scowls, smiles, wide sweeping gestures of the hands and periods when he suddenly jumps up from the table, almost knocking over the glass, and demonstrates by jumping up and down.

Kruckenhauser has a beige, wind-burned face, deeply lined and creased like a relief map of the Tyrol, a nose like a baked potato and tufts of white hair puffing out just above each ear. At the start of our "interview" he looked around the room and then leaned across the table as though he were about to deliver the secrets of the Austrian atomic bomb. "Now then," he growled, "Understand all that I am about to say. Get it right."

In a way, the professor began, all this ruckus about the new method of wide-stance skiing is all his fault. It is clear that this theory pleases him immensely, and anyone who does not agree can quit skiing and take up raising pansies.

First off, he had started skiing at 18, back in 1923 when hardly anyone taught anyone—people just hauled off and

skied. But that was not enough. Kruckenhauser was a student of gymnastics, and part of his studies at the University of Vienna centered on the theory of movement. "I got to know about skating," he said, "I was so fascinated by it that I became a crazy ski fan. And while I got interested in skiing as such, I also got interested in the question, 'How does it work?' I became a movement theoretician." He figured out all the movements by applying what he learned from photography, which was his other great love. And Kruckenhauser, who is probably the world's first serious ski photographer, began to prove with his pictures what made skiers work.

The Kruckenhauser now-you-see-it, now-you-do-it method took shape from 1934 to 1936 but became even clearer after 1950 when, for one thing, photography got a bit better. "The study of movements took a long time," the old man says now. "One person does it this way, the other does it that way. You have to establish a real base. There can't be any variations." By 1934 Kruckenhauser had become both a gymnastics

*continued*

professor at good old Vienna U. and a member of the national board that conducts the exams for ski instructors. "As a professor at the university I had a little money and a lot of enthusiasm," he says. "Now I have even less money and more enthusiasm." Still, the Kruckenhauser thing caught on.

"But the real breakthrough for us here in Austria came after the Second World War," Kruckenhauser says. "Austria was kaput. We were hungry. We started to examine everything from the beginning. Everything was a question mark. The time after a war is always a very good time. We looked into a mirror and said, 'How lucky I am to be alive.'" And as a result of this examination, in 1955 the old professor changed the shape of the ski world with a new look.

Kruckenhauser introduced an entire new style of skiing, a legs-together, wriggly, snakelike way of going down the hill, using hip movement and heel thrust from the waist down. He called it *Wedele*—literally, wagging the tail—and it swept the world like no other form of skiing before or since (SI, Nov. 25, 1957 *et seq.*). Americans called it parallel—not very romantic of the Americans—and

other countries called it other things, but *Wedele* was the in thing. For the first time the new style brought grace and elegance into the sport. Everybody wedeled. Well, that is everybody who could already ski. Instructors all wedeled, and students everywhere thrilled to the sight. But the thing is that very few good skiers could wag their tails properly, and very few beginners could wag their tails at all, being preoccupied with the more basic business of just standing up. *Wedele* is a tricky business, only for the supplest. And after a few years it was clear that Kruckenhauser had created a monster.

Having finished a second slivovitz, which is a sort of transparent dynamite, and switched over to a very dry Gibson on the rocks, the old man tells what happened next: "Skiing with your legs together is a stylish thing, a fashionable thing, because it is beautiful. But it has nothing to do with efficiency or economizing. That is why neither the children nor the racers ski that way, nor do the millions of people who ski only occasionally, the Sunday skiers. In track and field, for instance, it is only time that counts. And there is no fashionable form of swimming. But skiing the

*Wedele* looks great. I would be a fool if I said I didn't want this skiing fashion—this dancer on skis. I am very pleased that people want to ski elegantly, but it is wrong for the beginner and wrong for the Sunday skiers. It also is completely wrong for those who want to become racers. And children don't ski like this..." Kruckenhauser held his hands together, palms out. "They ski like this." He held his hands far apart.

But when Kruckenhauser published the official Austrian book on skiing in 1957 he did not mention that part. "I did not dare to add the pictures which would show the beginner in this wide stance, because at that time everybody wanted only to ski parallel," he said. "I told my ski instructors, 'You will have to ski more simply for the beginner.' But it didn't help. Now, I knew that I had to start a crusade, that I had to fight when I didn't even want to fight myself, to fight my own elegant style. And then I found the proof I needed in the children. I filmed children and I said, 'Look at this. They can't ski any other way.' I had known it long before I used children for my demonstration, but nobody believed me then."

Ski instruction, that insular world, has not been quite the same since. Not only did Kruckenhauser bring his film to the Aspen congress, he brought along nine little apple-cheeked Austrian waifs who got out on the hill and wide-stanced everybody to death, turning easily and whooping it up. Those who did not believe the old man had only to go out on the hill and look at Kruckenhauser's Kindergarten.

Kruckenhauser leans back at the table in St. Christoph and lights up a cigarette, his first in months. "The reaction at the congress was shock," he says. "But those delegates who think—and there are quite a few who do—sod, 'This is very interesting. We want to try it. We believe this is a true reform of the beginner's training.'" The professor puffed out a cloud of smoke and smiled slightly. Then he got in his little dig: "It was not a shock to the French, of course. The French were never very interested in the elegant style of skiing. Even a French skier who is not very good likes to feel like a racer."

"If you watched the *prof* here on a Sunday afternoon and looked at all the Sunday skiers, you would experience their enthusiasm and the fun they have

*continued*

SHOOTING MOVIES OF KIDS, THE PROFESSOR PROVED HIS POINT: SKING IS EASY





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when they ski. Eighty percent of those skiers ski wide-stance. Even those who ski parallel keep their skis apart. But the majority of ski teachers don't know anything but this elegant style and they used to force the poor beginner to learn it in their way. And the beginners did not make any progress."

Well, they will now. It seems clear that the old man has done it again: touched off another revolution in ski instruction. People are already adopting their own names for it in various nations. In the United States they are already complicating it, which figures. But it is still the old man's game: ski like the kids do it. Wide-stance it up a bit and have fun. Look a little sloppy if you must, but get those legs apart and keep your balance.

The wide-stance will carry one through ski life, through the beginning seasons, even into the portly years when one is what the professor calls "shaped by prosperity." Wide-stance builds confidence, and if one still wants to look slavishly stylish he can later take *Wedeln* lessons.

And in Austria, that great snowy factory of ski instructors, the old professor has added a few touches all his own, which Americans might well copy. From the wide-stance, arms-held-out start, beginners slip into a little thing called the *Hacker*—not to be confused with someone who plays golf poorly. It is pronounced "hock-ah" and is simply a quick heel thrust to the downhill side to bring the skier to a virtual stop. Once almost stopped, it is easy to jump around into a turn, however sloppy. And if that does not seem easy—and one must never worry about it—there is always the downhill stem, in which one stems the downhill ski just before going into a turn and then turns.

Kruckenhauser's kids who do the *Hacker* well are called the *Schwapskinder*, which really means something like the oops-kids, and the movement is just about what it implies. The *Hacker* is the first move of a *Schwaps*. First the heel thrust, then the little jump and then, oops, the skier is suddenly going nicely around the turn.

And, as a final touch, Kruckenhauser recommends keeping beginners on short skis until they have got the idea and have decided that this game can really be fun after all—something nice in 1.50-meter skis for ladies and 1.70 for men.

And lest anyone think all this sounds

too easy, that Kruckenhauser has gone and uncomplicated a sport that likes to feel exclusive, remember all those Austrian ski instructors. They still are laboring up that Arlberg Pass to study at the master's feet. As chairman of the national Austrian ski instruction plan the old man certifies 150 to 200 new teachers a year and sends them out into the world with the wide-stance. He has taught some 2,500 in the past 30 years: of the 5,000 instructors now in Austria, about half have passed his exam, the others must still face the professor and serve as assistants while waiting. All of them must come to Kruckenhauser sooner or later if they want success, and he says, "Those who don't show enough talent don't stay with me very long."

Then, drawing the last of the very dry Gibson, the professor slams both hands down on the table and everyone in the room jumps. There. The audience is over. That is the end of his story. And he gets up, shakes hands and walks out of the room. But it is not exactly the end.

Next day there he is on the mountain behind his old barracks, working with his instructors. It is 10:30 a.m. and they have been waiting for him since 9. He has been on the telephone. He has five phones and he hates every one of them. He takes the class away from the barracks because, sure enough, his wife is going to lean out of an upstairs window and yell through her own megaphone that he is wanted on the telephone again. Now he starts to work the student instructors in typical Kruckenhauser fashion by yelling: "*Los!* [start], *Halt!* [stop]. I told you not to start before I say '*Los!*' you *Trottel* [fool]. I told you to *wedeln* three turns in the wide-stance and then close your skis. That was a lot of garbage, *Schwarz*. Get up there again. Are you napping up there on top? We'll never finish today if you keep taking vacations." At noon they all troop into the barracks for lunch. Whatever it is, it will taste like boiled cabbage. Practice starts again at 2. At 4, when it is dark, they go in. "I have tea with my instructors," the professor says. "I live with my instructors. Mao or Hitler can live apart from their people, but I cannot. Between 5 and 6:30 p.m. I am with the younger instructors. We repeat theory, show slides and films. We have a discussion, then we have dinner. Very often we show films again at

8, and most of the films are commented on by me. This will last until 9 o'clock. I hardly ever get to sleep before 11 or 12 o'clock."

"We don't mind when he talks tough," said one of the instructors on the hill. "We know he is very good, and when you want to learn something you don't mind the yelling. And we all love him anyway."

As if that were not enough, the old man goes every Friday to teach skiing and gently browbeat the kids at St. Jakob elementary school down the pass near St. Anton. That is because he knows the kids are leading the way and he watches them closely in all their unpracticed, natural moves.

Standing on a hill above the school, with the slanting sun on that craggy face, the old man says: "It is necessary that skiing have a dictator. A coach who has absolute dictatorial rights. You can't handle such hard jobs with functionaries"

*continued*



THIS SCHWAPS-KID DOES THE CROUCH

who do their jobs on an honorary basis. Take my son-in-law, Franz Hoppichler, the Austrian national team coach. He has a contract that reads like this: "It is not important how much money I make, but I have all the say. Also, nobody can fire me during the next four years. I can only be fired if I have raped someone or stolen 200,000 schillings. Otherwise, nobody can fire me. I can quit at any time. Nobody can give me any orders. I am the one who decides who races where. I make the decision where I will take my racers." Before Hoppichler there were honorary functionaries. Hoppichler now gets a salary, but I can tell you it is a ridiculous sum. He gets 10,000 schillings [\$400] a month as a civil servant and he has to care for a wife and four children."

The old dictator nods wisely to his kids as they flash by. He adds an occasional scowl and a "Hup!" He has been keeping up this game—promoting skiing and photography—for all his life and it has not made him rich. He even

has to borrow pretty ski sweaters to be photographed in because he gives all his other sweaters away to people who need them. But much of the world now skins his style, which he feels is a sort of special reward.

Kruckenhauser is enormously sturdy—built like a Vienna fireplug. But last June he had four heart attacks within 14 days. "I was bucking on the floor, writhing with pain," he says now. "I had to be alone when these attacks came. Once I was in a car. I drove into a meadow and waited until it was over. It takes about 20 minutes. After all, I am a biologist, too. I stopped smoking right away. I used to smoke 30 cigarettes a day. Once when I had an attack I went up into the attic. But the fourth time, unfortunately, my wife saw it. She called the doctor. He came and I said, 'My dear doctor, I know exactly what you want to say and what I have to do. I have to eat your little pills. I cannot smoke. I stopped already. I have to eat less. I must ex-

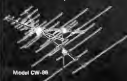
ercise.'" And, having browbeaten the doctor like everyone else, the old man shrugged. "It is difficult not to smoke and not to eat too much," he said. "And as for exercise—where should I take the time? I ski too well and that is no exercise for me."

He looked around his Austrian mountaintop kingdom. "It is not so important in life," he said, "when one has to die. But it is somehow important that one has had some fun during the time when one has lived and that one has produced something. It is the most beautiful thing in life when hobbies can become jobs, and I was very lucky that way. Everything else is worst. The Chinese have a proverb," he said, as though Austrian ski instructors frequently quote old Chinese proverbs. "'A man must have planted a tree, fathered a child and written a book.' Well, in my life I have planted about 100 trees, I have written five books and I have fathered four children. That's why I can say, peacefully, at last, 'O.K., Finish.'" **END**

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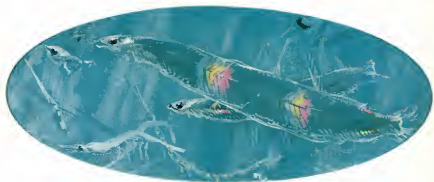


# The Life and Death of a Tarpon

In May and June big tarpon are plentiful in the backwaters of the Florida Keys. And plentiful, too, are the conjectures put forth by fishermen, guides and scientists to explain where the fish came from, why they are there and where they are going. Do the tarpon spawn in the shallows? Some people think so, saying that the "daisy chain," formed by small groups of tarpon, is a mating dance wherein the females eject eggs to be fertilized by the males. Others ask: If this is so, why then are the fish found in larval form far at sea? How do the eggs get there? A few tarpon are stay-at-homes and will remain in the Keys, but one day at June's end thousands will move out into the Atlantic, gathering for a short time at the five-fathom bank to await the mysterious signal that will send them off to roam the deep seas, leaving many unanswered questions behind them.

PAINTINGS BY STANLEY MELTZOFF

Looking more like eels than tarpon, the larvae (above) are transparent at this stage and about three-eighths of an inch long. After moving to shallows, the young fish (right) find shelter among the mangroves.



The daisy chain may be a mating ritual, but no one has sampled the sexes of the dancers, nor has the middle of the ring been strained for milt and roe.



A week after the full moon in late May or early June comes the night of the polychaetes, when millions of these tiny worms surface to spawn and then be eaten by the tarpon.



Late in June the tarpon stand on an offshore reef, close to the deep cut of the Gulf Stream. In a day or two they will be off into the blue water and away, not to reappear until autumn.







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The tarpon's death generally results from an attack by a shark or from a bait cast by man. Here the elements of doom are linked, with a hammerhead killing a hooked fish.

*Product of The American Tobacco Company*

# DOWN WITH THE HEATHEN

That is the cry at Sewanee, where Southern gentlemen and Coach Lon Varnell sometimes even win a game **by HAROLD PETERSON**



STUDENTS IN ACADEMIC GOWNS NEAR MEMORIAL CROSS ON SEWANEE MOUNTAIN

For the South, the proper vacation of a university is the winter," announced an 1858 prospectus for the newly founded University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., "when the cheerful Christmas fire is burning on the hearth, and mothers and sisters and servants can restore that holy domestic feeling which may have decayed amid the scholastic isolation of a college, when the student can engage in the sports which make him a true Southern man, hunting, shooting, riding, when he can mingle freely with the slaves who are in the future to be placed under his management."

The University of the South did indeed have winter vacation instead of summer up to 1908, by which time certain social changes seemed to have somewhat weakened the obvious arguments against summer recess. Fortunately Had winter vacation continued much longer, untrue Southern men wishing to play basketball would have been severely disadvantaged.

Lord knows, Coach Lon Varnell has problems enough already. "Sewanee," in the Shawnee language, means either "foggy" or "lost." Come fall, the mists close in, seldom departing until springtime. And the university, in Franklin County high on the Cumberland Plateau, 54 winding mountain miles west of Chattanooga, is so far from any women's college that students can scarcely name one. The only time a girl is seen on campus is during one of the three party weekends. This has tended to affect recruiting adversely.

(In September the citadel will fall at last, Sewanee will go coed. Varnell feels fewer misgivings than the alumni, the university athletic fortunes have slipped the last couple of years. "You can't take calico and make silk," he says. "But now maybe I can recruit a few cheerleaders and their boyfriends will tag along.")

Luckily, Varnell has some sizable advantages, too. Sewanee represents the best of the South with a spacious graciousness that charms potential recruits. Better yet, he has Coach Varnell himself. Coach Varnell is the *successt* man you or your Methodist minister will ever meet. In fact, Coach Varnell is a Methodist minister.

He is also a coal-mine operator, a

car dealer, a political campaign manager, a hardware-store proprietor, an agent for the Fabulous Harlem Magicians and a promoter of scores of entertainers from Lawrence Welk to The Supremes. He has been a Honduras mahogany dealer and is now an owner of beauty parlors, apartment houses and grocery stores from wherever to Texas. He also has sold popcorn at home basketball games.

An archetypal West Tennessean with a Walter Matthau nose and blue-green eyes he squinches together to emphasize particularly sincere points, Varnell has been coaching basketball for 32 years, 21 at Sewanee. "I b'lieve I've seen the ball bounce more times than anyone else," he draws. "Lawdy murder, I remember when we had to pump up the bladder, put the stem inside and tie up the laces. I remember when the ball had seams sewn on the outside. Why, I even remember when they put up nets. I was the one who held the ladder when Nasmith nailed up the peach baskets."

Two of those 32 years were spent as an assistant to Adolph Rupp of Kentucky, who touted Varnell to U of the S. inquirers as "next to me, the best coach I know." Varnell is a sound basketball man and, like Rupp, has a liking for fundamentals and an absolute obsession for the game. That obsession, like his 14-to-18-hour workday, is the mark of a tightly wound man, driven, in large measure, by fear of poverty and obscurity.

Getting up at 4 a.m. every morning to fire a furnace, working his way through high school in a drugstore, selling neckties to attend college—those are memories Varnell retains vividly. "The way you grow up determines what you are," he says, not entirely happily. "I had it real hard—worked for 25¢ a day. When your schoolmates have loose-leaf notebooks you can't afford, you never forget it."

"I grew up in Adamsville, Tenn., an amazing little town for the caliber of its people—high-type people with real character and honesty. My family there at one time owned a good part of town. My father—he ran the general store and a gin, brought in the first case of Coke, bought possum and squirrel furs to sell—had a warmth that made him a fine businessman, but he let the juke get to him.

Giong broke on blue cotton—he bought at 36¢ a pound and sold for 4¢—didn't help either. I swore never to touch whiskey or politics. I still don't drink."

Lon Shelton Varnell was born on a December Friday the 13th in 1913, 13 minutes before noon, and weighed exactly 13 pounds. That was in *Ripley's Believe It or Not*. You can look it up, Varnell says proudly.

"I think that every person wants recognition," he says. "The town I grew up in, the people who were recognized were those that had money or those who excelled in athletics or maybe education. Most of them were beyond me. Athletics, maybe it wasn't."

"When I grew up, a coach was considered the outstanding person in the community. Everybody looked up to him. Maybe I grew up just seeing this happen and thought this was what I wanted."

"You may wonder, having the love for the game that I do, why I haven't gone big time. Well, I had three pro offers—two from the NBA and one from the new league—and many from colleges, but the big reason for my staying at Sewanee is giving my family this type of college environment. Like I told Mr. Welk—he's a farm boy from North Dakota himself—it's not where you are but how far you've come."

Varnell's oldest son, Larry, who was valedictorian and captain of the basketball team at Sewanee, and a Fulbright scholar, is now getting a doctorate in nuclear physics at Cal Tech. Gilbert, a basketball player at Texas Tech, has a doctorate in physics. Jimmy, who "tore the basket up" at Sewanee, has a master's in English and is now in law school at the University of Washington. Daughter Lynda will graduate from SMU in June.

"I'm just a country boy and all, I don't come on very strong," Varnell says apologetically. "I just work real hard. I believe in repaying tenfold for anything I've ever gotten. People may think that with so many hats I may be shirking something, but I work real diligently to give people value for their dollar."

Work he does. "Lon is a most unusual person," SEC Publicist Elmore (Scopp) Hudgins says. "He beats SEC schools once in a while, and he always

scares 'em to death. If he's got one player, he can play you. Vandy would have terrific contests with Sewanee when Sewanee didn't have a single player who could make Vanderbilt's squad."

Four years ago the University of the South beat a good Mississippi team twice in one year. Ole Miss has stopped playing Sewanee—"even though they like to play us because we're white meat." Varnell's 32-year record is approximately 500-200, exactly 254-181 at U. of the S.

See Varnell at a game and you know why. Passion practically comes through the pores. Puddles and pools of it. "Lon has the strangest voice when he gets excited," a friend says. "Kind of a squeaky Mickey Mouse voice. And you know how other coaches scream and yell at officials? Lon kinda *petitions* 'em. It gets to where the referees feel sorry for him."

Varnell has written often about basketball. One of his articles, *Developing a Hardwood Giant*, led to an invitation to take his team on a 1951 tour of Europe and North Africa, and that led to a letter from J. Kwesi Fynn of Accra, Ghana. "I have," wrote J. Kwesi Fynn, "at last a moment to myself and making the most of it by writing to you this my humble massive. I am in good condition of health and hope you are also the same. Please, I am learning to play Basketball. One day I came across your pointres. As God Almighty

have given you to me, I hope also that you will help me from this time and forever. Sir, I needed some of the Basketball materials—such as canvas sizes eight, socks, pant and jerseys or you could give. I know that you will give a kind consideration to this my humble words and grant unto me that I have stated above, and give me a book that covers basketball from A to Z. . . . [I am] also asking for a vacancy in your school. I am a lad of 16 years and attending James Town Academy, my height is 5' 1" and weight 112 lbs."

Along with what he asked for, Varnell sent young Fynn a letter saying he could go far in basketball. That is the sort of faith he applies to his own players. "We have no cuts," he says. "Boys cut themselves, through pride, if they can't compete. At first meeting, we get 20 to 30. Some come out just to write

continued

their girls they are playing. After three weeks of our training, you separate the big wood from the brush.

"I tell the boys we can have the greatest condition in the world, we can have the greatest spirit and we can have the greatest defense, because you don't have to be horn with that. Therefore, we can be 75% as good as the best subsidized teams."

Although Varnell admits "basketball has changed, and now all the best players are playing on instinct," he believes that by repeating exactly the right move over and over and over in practice, habit can simulate instinct.

Accordingly, he uses a fairly simple patterned single-post offense, suited to the level of talent. "It really breaks down into a guard offense," he says, "because we want to get to the basket with a minimum number of passes.

"We know you can't be mechanical, yet a certain position of ball and players calls for one certain definite pattern. We know offense or defense is strictly position—maneuvering inside. Once I'm inside, the man with the ball ought to be able to hit me. If he can't, we'll get someone who can.

"And one thing we're real positive about is that we dribble with our head up and always know exactly where all four other men are."

U. of the S. men take notebooks home

to draw and redraw permutations of eight or nine plays to be checked next day. If that makes Varnell sound like a man who would fly to Stillwater, Okla. just to ask Henry Iba how he is reacting to the new five-second rule, it is accurate. If it sounds like rather deliberate basketball, it is, down to fractions. "We like to have almost as good a chance to get the rebound as the defense does," Varnell says. "We always strive to have 3½ men on the boards, 1½ defense-minded. And our rebounders have the advantage of knowing when the rabbit is in the briar patch. The briar patch—that's home, where your man wants to be when he shoots."

Varnell employs multiple defenses, hoping to confuse offenses just momentarily. He uses man-to-man, switching man-to-man, match-up zones and "our bread and butter," a 2-3 zone. Often these are played in prearranged series. "I like to start with a man-to-man to size up each opponent," he adds. "Does he put the ball on the floor a lot? What is his shooting range? Is he quicker than my boy or faster?"

Almost certainly he is taller. "The big man hurts us bad," Varnell says. "But we're always able to come up with a big boy who isn't very good—not good enough to get a scholarship, at least. We put him on ropes, jumping broomsticks, and soon he's in pretty good shape. We get the immature player, the hully gully kid who never does the same thing twice, and work hard with him."

Right now Varnell's best player is Frank Stambuck, a good outside-shooting guard who played so unimpressively for so small a high school that the subsidized talent sharks never even nibbled at him. Last year Varnell had Tim Miller, grandson of baseball Hall of Famer Bill Terry, but Miller had never made a high school team—which, considering his 6' 8" height, should tell you something. Rupp occasionally sends down some overflow from Kentucky. Last year's high scorer was Guard Barney Hudson, whose high school coach was Herkie Rupp, the Baron's son; unfortunately, Hudson's grade-point average dropped somewhere below one-seventh of his scoring average. Varnell still gets most of his raw talent by digging through application files in the admissions office, letters and lone visits. (Recruiting, like coaching, is strictly a one-man operation at Sewanee.)

If the odds get big enough, of course, even a Davy Crockett can lose his coattail—or a Lon Varnell his optimism. "A losing season digs pretty deep," he admits, and there is pain in his voice. "Sometimes the bucket might get too heavy. Sometime you might have to set it down."

More than ever Varnell has to build his hardwood giants from the hardwood up. It leaves him with barely enough time to present the South with Peter, Paul and Mary, Liberace, Broadway road shows, Andy Williams, Henry Mancini, NBA exhibitions, Kate Smith, Bob Hope and the Beatles. Sometimes it even makes him a bit nostalgic for his days promoting the Harlem Globetrotters. Now there was a team for which he didn't have to improvise brown-paper glasses to keep guards from looking at the ball while dribbling.

"Goose Tatum claimed he was only ever stopped once," Varnell remembers, "and that was at a small town in Arkansas where the gym consisted of two Quonset huts, a basket in each, joined by a narrow hallway. Tatum hauled down this one rebound and headed for the hall. There, standing in the corridor, was a mountain of a man at least 6' 6" and 250 pounds. 'Best defense I ever faced,' Tatum said."

Sewanee does come up with nifty scorers, like 6' 6" Rhodes scholar Tommy Ward, class of '67, but somehow there always seem to be a lot more like Mad Dog. "Mad Dog would do things like knock down the coach and then run over him," teammates recall. "Or fall down three times on one trip downtown, knock the wind out of one defender and break another's toe."

Varnell does get some indirect help. More than once he has asked a walk-on at first meeting. "Son, I believe your face looks familiar. Did I coach your brother?" "No, sir," the boy will say. "That was my daddy." Sewanee is that sort of place to which men send their sons and grandsons. It is Southern as a catfish fry and as Episcopal as its favorite cheer:

Tiger, Tiger,  
Leave 'em in the lurch  
Down with the heathen  
And up with the Church.

The University of the South was founded to correct the state of affairs de-



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Measure your bourbon against it.**

The men who make this Bourbon still think you can do a better job if you care a lot for your craft.

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Invigorating. This is the timberline, inspiration for a rugged fragrance—English Leather Timberline. After shave, cologne, soap, deodorants, and gift sets.

**English Leather  
TIMBERLINE**

Until now it was just a feeling.

plored by co-founder Bishop James Otey in 1858. "The youth in the Southwest for the most part seek the advantages of education by a resort to the Northern colleges. This they do confessedly . . . at the hazard of such changes in the constitution from difference of climate as to render their return dangerous, and at the risk of weakening those domestic ties connected with the parental domicile, which are seldom severed but at the expense of virtue."

Or, in phrases of today: "Sewanee cherishes gentility as well as learning"—Vice Chancellor and President Dr. Edward McCrady.

"Sewanee has, on the whole, succeeded in cherishing the past without idolatry and in facing the future without dizziness"—Dr. Charles Harrison, chairman of the English department.

"You can't make a good pickle just by squirting vinegar on a cucumber; it has to soak for a while"—Robert Lancaster, dean of the college.

Sewanee is, above all, Southern. Dr. Reynold Kirby-Smith, son of the last Confederate general to surrender and the last to die, was a strong partisan of Sewanee athletics before his death in 1962. Hardee Field, for football, honors another Rebel general. And then there is English Professor Abbott (Abbo) Cotten Martin, a legendary hater of Yankees—and Germans. "A German," says Professor Martin, "is nothing but a Yankee carried to its logical conclusion."

Franklin County seceded from Tennessee when it thought the state was too slow leaving the Union. The only President ever to visit Sewanee, William Howard Taft, was greeted by shades drawn and windows shuttered so that the occupants would not have to look on a Republican President. The student union was named for donor Jacob Thompson, who was in charge of all Confederate espionage and who planned the dramatic raid on St. Albans, Vt.

As Varnell says, "There's a story about every whoop and holler." Shake Rag Hollow and Thumpin' Dick Hollow, just down off the escarpment, were places where you waved a handkerchief or thumped a hollow log, respectively, to summon the local moonshiner.

Bishop Leonidas Polk, the principal founder, a West Point man and the man who helped select Sewanee's location, "by merit of . . . railway contiguity . . . [and] mountain air and pure water . . .

beyond the reach of epidemics," accepted a Confederate commission partly because Union sympathizers burned Sewanee buildings after Lincoln's election. Ironically, Yankee troops later occupied Sewanee, burning more buildings and breaking the original cornerstone to bits.

It is said that fragments of the cornerstone can still be found scattered among the acorns and red-oak leaves. But even if they are not, the looking, under the tall oaks and maples, is worth the while, as is almost any walk between Sewanee's Tennessee-sandstone buildings or around its 10,000-acre domain. From a score or more of cliffs, bluffs and steeps, there open out broad vistas of dozens of rich coves and valleys worthy of Dan'l Boone's first vision of Kaintuck.

That huge domain atop a mountain is what keeps Sewanee unique. Yet acceptance of it in a wilderness grant was not universally approved. Kentucky Bishop Benjamin Smith admonished, "Sewanee [is] totally impractical . . . manners and dress of professors and their families will become careless, rude, provincial; and those of the students boorish. . . ."

At boorish Sewanee in 1969, all professors wear academic gowns in class and students are not allowed to walk the campus without coat and tie. The Episcopals—who deliberately admit just over 50%; heathen—hold firm control. A democratic and libertarian conservatism flourishes in the Jeffersonian tradition. The football team's popular and talented fullback is a Negro, and Bishop Otey's founding dictum—"University of the South is a name of convenient description; it is no party war cry, no sectional password"—is obeyed to the extent that even an Easterner is safe on the streets.

Sometimes the spirit of tolerance gets absolutely out of hand. At a game two years ago the Tiger cheerleaders despairingly pleaded, "C'mon, will y'all stand up and yell! Please?" "No," the crowd yelled. "Not a chance!" asked the cheerleader. "No," the crowd said. "We're gonna make you stand up," the megaphone man threatened. "We're gonna play the national anthem." The band played *Dixie*. Nobody moved. The cheerleader was vexed: "What are y'all, a bunch of Yankers?" Everybody stood up and cheered.

Further illustrating their ferocity and

fervor as fans, the Arcadian Tigers bring books along to read at basketball games. Fortunately, the fellows who play the game are fiercer. In fact, they work right hard, running continuously throughout Varnell's two-hour practices. About the only time they stop is when Varnell yells, "Hold it! Hold it. Right tayah!" and imparts some pearls of wisdom. "We've discussed this," he says. "Don't shoot with a hand in your face. You'll never make 50%," or, "You made a YMCA pass and lost the ball," or, "You haven't been going back to your rooms and thinking about the 3-on-2 situation."

The University of the South's record is not what it was. But Sewanee's hard-worked collection of rejects still visibly improve week by week. This year's Tigers, four of whom never played high school basketball, work intensely at forcing breaks, at rolling back to receive passes, at remembering to key an outside play with a bounce pass to a forward. Varnell is impressed. "These boys," he says in a hushed voice, winding up for some oratory, "are willing to *pay the price*. Pay the price. That's the philosophy I've lived by."

The voice rises slowly, dramatically. "The only real free enterprise left is athletics. Everything else is turning to politics and apple-polishing. But when a basketball player steps out on the floor, it's just him and the Great White Father. And you could take Bear Bryant a bushel of apples every morning and it wouldn't do any good. You can't help recognizing sport is a gift of Almighty God when Babe Ruth comes out of a Baltimore orphanage and they build a stadium for him."

"Pay the price to win," Varnell crescendoes, raising his chin and thrusting his face forward. Then he drops down to pianissimo again. "Grantland Rice wrote some of the finest literature there ever was—you can't beat Four Horsemen 'against a blue-gray October sky'—but I can't go along with that about the One Great Scorer. Just playing the game is losing."

It all reminds Varnell of his favorite quotation, which he freely applies to basketball, on and off the banquet circuit. "Winston Churchill said it first," he draws tremulously. "In the darkest days of World War II he was asked, 'What is your aim?' 'Victory, ultimate victory,' Churchill says. 'Without victory, there is no tomorrow!'"

END

## PEOPLE

♦ With four bad knees but two good smiles Joe Namath and Mickey Mantle fought backward from second place to a tie for sixth in the Astrojet Classic at the La Costa Country Club in California. Willie Davis (the baseball one) and Jerry Kramer won the playoff, after tying for first with Gino Cappelletti and Jim Lofberg, and there also was a two-way tie for third, as well as the tie for sixth, a pleup that ran the planning committee out of trophies. Happily, a Wisconsin fur company came up with a pair of coats for the most cooperative and best-dressed players, Namath and Willie Mays, respectively. Just what Joe, recently robbed of his mink, needs to finish out the New York winter, or not exactly what Willie had in mind for spring training.

Back in the days when he was racketing about Paris and writing books his countrymen had to smuggle home, not too many people guessed that Henry Mil-



ler would be, one day, a 77-year-old Ping-Pong nut. Here we are in 1969, however, with the scandalous Miller works on sale in the most decorous of bookstores and the author living peacefully in California's Big Sur country, bicycling around the neighborhood, swimming in his pool and playing Ping-Pong every day. "People come here to discuss metaphysics with me," Miller says now, "but personally I'd rather take them to the Ping-Pong table and discover their metaphysics there."

Pittsburgh Republicans were left without a candidate for mayor when Bob Friend declined to run. The former Pirate pitcher explained his position succinctly. "I just don't think I'm equipped to run a large city, if you want to know the truth."

Friend may have been right about not being equipped to be a mayor (above). Both here and abroad the qualifications seem increasingly poultices. In Grenoble, for example, Mayor Hubert Dubedout has just jumped out of an airplane to help popularize, for the good of his city, the com-

bination of parachuting and skiing. "Very attractive for young people," Dubedout, 46, reported. "And actually it's quite easy, not scary at all."

New Zealand's Peter Soell went a little further south recently—all the way south, in fact, to Antarctica, as a guest of the U.S. Navy Operation Deep Freeze. He put on skis for the first time and, after half an hour of instruction, observed, "I can see why cross-country skiers are supposed to be fitter than cross-country runners." Subsequently, on a visit to the Pole, Soell did his own thing: he donned a track suit and in less than a minute ran around the world three times.

• Young ladies who are fans of the Oakland Raiders should rush out and buy the latest copy of *Swimming World*, William Lee, of White Stag-Speedo, called upon Raiders Ben Davidson and Dan Birdwell for his full-page swimsuit ads on the back cover and an inside page of the February issue, and he offered himself up as the trusted and weighted victim. "I was a little scared," he admits. "Those two big guys,

I was afraid of practical jokes." Quite unnecessary, according to Davidson. "We didn't throw him in," he says virtuously. "We didn't even break the diving board."

O.J. Simpson did very little passing last season, but things were different when he hit Las Vegas. The Riviera Hotel put the Bob Hope penthouse suite at Simpson's disposal—and made the mistake of letting him into the casino. O.J. stepped up to the crap table and proceeded to roll 15 straight passes, setting the Riviera back about \$80,000. He did not abuse the hotel's hospitality by walking off with all that money, however. Other players at the table won \$79,985, while O.J. himself bet only a dollar on each roll of the dice.

Columnist Art Buchwald is a friend of one of the Redskins' owners, Edward Bennett Williams, and a knowledgeable football fan. The Buchwalds' maid Mary is not, and, baffled by all the excitement over the Redskins' hiring of Vince Lombardi, she finally turned to her employer for assistance. "Mr. Buchwald," she inquired, "could you tell me why Mr. Williams is hiring an orchestra leader to coach the team?"

Britain's Prince Philip apparently feels that a penny earned is a penny saved toward the cost of keeping up the royal estate at Sandringham. Three or four shoots a week have been held recently over the estate's 20,000 acres, and Philip has ordered that the game be sold. Nearly 1,000 birds, some shot by Philip and Prince Charles, have already been offered to housewives, hotels and shops at 30 shillings (\$4.20) a brace—without, as one London paper a careful to point out, any advertising on the part of the royal family.



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(Except our own compact car, of course.)

**American Motors Rebel.**



1. Manufacturer's suggested retail price for Rebel 4-door sedan. Federal taxes included. State and local taxes, if any, destination charges, optional equipment extra.



**A six-time 20-game winner, now retired, reveals how the players chose a union man to represent them and why he is here to stay**

## *The game deserves the best*

**T**he selection of Marvin Miller as executive director of the Major League Baseball Players Association came after a search that began with the University of Pennsylvania's labor management relations expert, Dr. George W. Taylor, passed close to former stars Hank Greenberg and Bobby Feller and brought me face to face with a sympathetic and interested Manhattan attorney named Richard M. Nixon.

Later the search led to a Midwestern judge, Robert C. Cannon, and then

straight to Miller, who directs the players' affairs today. I am confident that we found the right man for the job at the right time and that his presence can strengthen big-league baseball.

My own part in the series of events leading to the present negotiations over the division of TV money dates from 1950 when I was 24, a 20-game winner for the first time and Eddie Sawyer's selection to start the second game of the World Series—the only Series game I ever started. It was against the Yankees, and you are safe in assuming that pensions, players' associations and executive directors were not on my mind as I changed into my uniform before the game. But I remember the then-commissioner of baseball, Governor Happy Chandler, coming into our dressing room after he heard that some players hoped to bypass the pension fund and sweeten their end of the World Series pot with money from the sale of TV rights, a new thing then.

Don't try it, Chandler advised us. Then he explained that if the money were used to fund the players' pension, it would help men on all the teams in both leagues and, equally important, players coming along in the future. Building a strong pension fund for all, he said, would be far better for baseball than merely enriching a few whose teams had been fortunate enough to have a good year.

We agreed with Governor Chandler, then I went out and lost to the Yankees 2-1 in 10 innings. You might say my interest in the Players Association was born with that defeat, although the only birth pang I noticed that day were connected with Joe DiMaggio's 10th-inning homer that beat me. It was not long after that game that I became player representative for the Phillies. This was just before the representatives of the two leagues, Ralph Kiner and Allie Reynolds, went out more or less on their own and did something a lot of people in baseball thought was pretty radical. Kiner and Reynolds retained an attorney, J. Norman Lewis, to help in negotiations with the owners. I remember thinking what a mistake that was, to bring in an outsider.

If I had my doubts, the owners were wild. At one of our get-togethers in Atlanta they even went so far as to have the new commissioner, Ford Frick, say he would not talk with the 16 player representatives unless they parked Lewis outside in the corridor. Kiner and Reyn-

olds said, "Look, if he won't meet us with our lawyer, we're not going in there." I was young, however, and impressed by the office of commissioner of baseball. I argued that we had to respect Frick. "No," I said, "let's leave Lewis in the hall. We'll go in as a group and if we have a technical point we can go out and talk with Norman."

The players voted me down 15-1, which was right, as I soon could see. But I think J. Norman Lewis never forgot my role there in Atlanta. Later, when the players terminated his contract, Lewis blamed me and called me a tool of the owners. That seems kind of funny now, considering what the owners think about me for my part in helping to bring in Miller, who stands up to them as no one has before.

The arrangement with Lewis lasted more than five years, during which time Kiner went to Cleveland in the American League and, at his suggestion, the players chose me to take his place as National League representative. This was in December 1954, and we were preparing to negotiate a new long-term radio and TV contract with the owners. One fact I can remember from that time is that, whatever else might be open to discussion, 60% of the radio and TV proceeds of the All-Star Game and World Series and 60% of the net gate of the All-Star Game belonged to the benefit fund.

The years with Lewis were not without results. The minimum major league salary went from \$5,000 to \$7,000, there were increases in the pension fund and the time required for a player to become a free agent and bargain for himself was reduced from 10 to eight years.

There was trouble with Lewis, however, not with what he was trying to do but with the way he went about his work. Lewis used the press more than some of us thought he should and he seemed happiest when he was annoying owners.

The breaking point came in the spring of 1959 when the team representatives met in Tampa and decided to end the arrangement with Lewis. I was the one who had to tell him, and that is when he called me an owner's man. I was not, though heaven knows Bob Carpenter, the Phillies' president, wanted Lewis out and made no secret about that. But it was the players themselves who decided to let Lewis go. I will say this for Lewis: he was the first man to make the owners see that we meant business. Stan

Musial was a great one for pointing this out later whenever he heard any of us grumbling about Lewis.

The departure of Lewis created a vacuum, and I said as much when the player representatives met in 1959 at the All-Star Game. We were forever coming together for a day, or two at most, and then scattering. I suggested that to add continuity to our position we should hire a full-time representative and set up an office for him. The man should not be a lawyer with other clients, I argued, but someone whose sole job it was to keep in touch with our affairs.

Nothing came of this suggestion at the time, and it was not too long after that that I was no longer a player representative, or even a National Leaguer, having left for Baltimore.

The Players Association was a pretty passive outfit in the early 1960s. As disgust with the situation grew, my view that we needed our own man in our own office, preferably in New York, began to catch on. Among the matters that concerned me and others most was the pension plan and the TV money it depended upon. A nagging thought told me that the owners would try to lay their hands on our 60% in some future contract. They did try it, too, the first time in 1967. Fortunately, by then we had installed Miller as our director. He saw to it that the owners did not succeed. With a new contract coming up this year, he is fighting the battle again.

We got Miller after extensive searching. In the winter of 1964 I telephoned Bob Friend of the Pirates, the National League representative, who was meeting with the team representatives and Judge Cannon of Milwaukee. Cannon was filling Lewis' role as well as he could without leaving the bench to do so. I told Bob that I would like to join the meeting as an adviser. The players agreed, and I wound up on a committee of three to seek out likely prospects for the position of executive director of the association.

The committee considered some interesting people, including Judge Cannon (who had strong support from the beginning), Hank Greenberg, Bob Feller (until we all decided the man should not be a former player) and Chub Feeney, vice-president of the San Francisco Giants, who was flattered but not interested. The committee also sought advice from the man who is now Pres-

ident of the United States. Richard Nixon was mighty nice about it—he's a real fan—and I could see he would do anything to help us or have his law firm help us. But we were still faced with the problem of finding a full-time representative, and the search went on.

That is when I called George Taylor at the University of Pennsylvania. I had never met the man, but I knew that he had settled numerous labor disputes and had a reputation for sizing up men who were experienced in negotiating labor agreements. I told Dr. Taylor that we wanted a strong man of established character and one whom we could count on to represent the best interests of the game as well as the players.

Almost immediately Taylor recommended Miller, an economist and assistant to David McDonald and I. W. Abel of the United Steelworkers. We interviewed Miller and, as far as I was concerned, he was the man for the job, but he was only one of six we put on our final list of possible candidates. At this point I called the then-commissioner of baseball, William D. Eckert, and told him I was sending him the list and would appreciate it if he ran a check on each of them. I said, "If there is anyone on the list you think we should not choose because he might be bad for the game, then he won't be chosen."

Eckert agreed to the check and later told me that all six persons were fine, including Miller. Yet we were soon to see the owners, National League President Warren Giles, American League President Joe Cronin and Eckert himself, all close to foaming at the mouth at the idea of Marvin Miller, a union man, representing the players. They acted as though Miller would demand time and a half for extra-inning games and insist that starting lineups be based on the principle of seniority. The owners are cry-babbling that way to this day, which is one reason why baseball is in so much trouble.

I think the owners would have preferred Judge Cannon, and it is interesting that when the players' representatives from the 20 teams met with our committee, they voted to offer the job to Cannon. He turned it down, though, whereupon Miller accepted.

That was shortly before spring training in 1966, but Miller still had to visit the training camps and win the approval of the players. It was during this trip

that the long knives really came out. I was with Houston at the time, and when Bobby Lillis, our player representative, told me President Giles was in the Astro-dome speaking with the players against Miller, I went to see Giles. "No, 1," I said to him, "I don't understand how you as league president, representing the owners and the players, can tell the players Miller is not good for them. Have you ever met Miller?" He replied, "No," I said, "Do you know much about him?" Giles said "no" again. And I said, "Well, it seems asinine that you can tell ballplayers that this man is bad for them. He may be wonderful for baseball. I happen to believe he is."

I still believe it and I am still interested in the work of the association. Baseball is so much more important than the minimum salary, or how long it takes to become a free agent or even the pension, which I look upon as a form of deferred compensation. While these things are important, the rest really matters: the playing, the Mickey Mantles coming up, the Jim Bunnings, the Hank Aarons, the Willie Mayses.

The game is in trouble with problems that will not be solved by platooning ball players, tinkering with the rules or the strike zone. More first-rate young players have to be brought in, and that is something with which the Players Association could help the owners, if the two groups would only get together. It will not be easy to get the new stars, since so many of the fine young athletes are drifting toward pro football or basketball, where they can qualify right out of college without having to work at their trade two or three additional years, as almost every baseball player must.

Let us pay attention to the future of baseball, then, with the players and the club owners working together. I am convinced that the Players Association can do much more than it has done for baseball and that disputes over such things as the pension will stop barring the way if only the owners will get it through their heads that give-and-take negotiations with a representative such as Marvin Miller are here to stay. The owners should stop saying, "Take it or leave it." That is no way to deal with baseball. The game has proved it deserves better.

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*The above is from a forthcoming book by Roberts and Michael von Meuschke.*

## Compensating for one error leads to another



**STANDING TOO CLOSE** to the ball and lining a up on the heel of the driver (above) creates readjustment problems during swing. Address at right is proper

**A**t the Sahara tournament last fall I played with one young pro, a solid performer, who could not keep his tee shots in play. After our round was over he went to the practice tee to work out his driving problems. He discovered he was lining up the ball almost on the wrapping at the heel of his driver. This player's style takes him closer to the ball at address than most players, but unconsciously he had moved too close. To hit the ball, he was raising his head, moving his hips away and then swiping at it. That does not work. At address, set up with the ball directly in front of the insert of your club and with a full extension of your arms. If you set up any other way, you must then make some incorrect motion to get the club back into the proper hitting position. Invariably you will start to scatter your tee shots all over the course—and frequently off the course.

DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS GOLSEN



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## A new Cadillac for Detroit

**Frank Mahovlich rolls right along with Rolls-Royce Gordie Howe and Land Rover Alex Delvecchio to make up the best front line on the ice**

The stick rack hangs in the hallway leading to the showers, just around the corner from the door to the Detroit Red Wings' dressing room in Olympia Stadium. The hockey sticks, with 9 HOWE and 10 DELVECCHIO stenciled on the handles, are arranged on the rack in numerical order from the bottom up, which puts No. 27—Frank Mahovlich's stick—near the top. This seems appropriate enough, since Mahovlich is also near the top of the league in scoring. His

36 goals are only one shy of Chicago's perennial leader, Bobby Hull. What strikes you about the stick, however, is that Mahovlich's name is nowhere on it; instead, halfway down the shaft, in black India ink soaked into the wood, the stencil reads simply: 27 THE BIG M.

An easy form of identification, true, but also an ironic one, for Frank Mahovlich is the one player in the NHL who never had to be reminded of what was expected of him every time he reached for his stick. Don't forget that Mahovlich is only playing for Detroit today the way he was supposed to have been playing the past 11 years in Toronto. Forty goals from the Big M? Why, he could have worn snowshoes for skates and still given the Leafs 20 a year if he had really wanted to.

In 1953 scouts from almost every team in the NHL were up in Timmins, Ontario at one time or another trying to sign the big son of a gold miner from Croatia. The Leafs, who offered cash and a scholarship to St. Michael's College, finally succeeded—even though the Chicago Black Hawks had offered the elder Mahovlich a five-acre fruit farm on the Niagara peninsula. When Toronto brought Frank up four years later, he was preceded by advance billing unheard of at that time. Mahovlich, they said, had it all—and they were right. Speed, power, grace. A shot to shatter Hercules at 100 feet. A face—pale gray eyes, straight white teeth—for the *Toronto Star Weekly*. Frank Mahovlich could reach out and lift you from your seat, just like Rocket Richard had done in Montreal. His first year in the league he was Rookie of the Year, of course, outpolling none other than Bobby Hull of the Black Hawks. When he scored 22 goals the following year and took Boston apart in the Stanley Cup playoffs, somebody called him the Big M—and it stuck. At 23 Mahovlich challenged Richard's record of 30 goals in one sea-

son—and fell short by a mere two. A year later, in a suite in the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, the late owner of the Black Hawks, Jim Norris, made the most celebrated pitch in hockey history, offering the Leafs \$1 million for Mahovlich. When Harold E. Ballard, a team executive, tentatively agreed, Norris reached into his pocket and peeled off 10 \$100 bills as a binder. But the Leafs' brass backed off the next morning—even knowing that Mahovlich and George (Punch) Imlach, the team's coach and general manager, had already embarked on a collusion course.

Fanned in the newspapers, the dispute grew in intensity, while Mahovlich's brief flashes of brilliance only seemed to make everything worse. Fans who at first thought Mahovlich to be shy and reserved became convinced he was lazy at heart as well as moody, self-centered and insolent. Mahovlich withdrew within himself and suffered two nervous breakdowns in three years. Last March, with both teams going nowhere in the standings, the Leafs traded Mahovlich, Pete Stenkowski, Garry Unger and the rights to Carl Brewer to Detroit for Norm Ullman, Paul Henderson and Floyd Smith. The heart of the trade was, of course, Mahovlich (295 goals in 11 years) for Ullman (296 in 13). In Detroit Mahovlich is the Cadillac, tooling alongside the old Rolls-Royce, Gordie Howe. More at ease in the Red Wings' freewheeling attack, the Big M is once again shooting for 30 goals.

"Frank fits in," says Gordie Howe, "and by finding the holes [cracks in the defense], he makes it easier for you to get the puck to him. Once he gets the puck he can carry it—and he knows how to handle himself in front of the net. I think if the fans in Toronto had given him a break and cheered him instead of booing him, the pressure might not have cooked the guy. Even though Frank looks so big and strong, I've noticed he really doesn't have that much stamina. He gets pretty tired near the end of a shift, and anyone can look bad when they're tired. In Toronto a lot of people probably thought Mahovlich was loafing when, in fact, he was really just tired."

Mahovlich has played with Howe from the start of the season, but only after



BIG M MAHOVLICH CARRIES A BIG STICK



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the first four games did Alex Delvecchio become their regular center. The combination is closing in on NHL records for total goals and points scored by one line. The Montreal "Punch Line" of Toe Blake, Elmer Lach and Rocket Richard scored 105 goals in 1945—Howe, Delvecchio and Mahovlich have 84 with 18 games to go. In 1957 the Detroit combination of Howe, Ullman and Ted Lindsay amassed 226 points—Howe, Delvecchio and Mahovlich have 187. What makes the line almost impossible to stop is the fact that the opposition cannot concentrate on any one member; each man can skate, pass and shoot the puck. Howe and Delvecchio, though they are notorious roamers, have played together 17 years and they know each other's every move. Mahovlich, because of his Toronto background, is more of a positional player and his linemates usually find him approaching the attacking zone, skating the hole and looking for the puck.

"I'm relaxed here," Mahovlich said last week, pulling off his red jersey after

a game. "I've never felt better in my life. They treat me well. I'm playing with two great players and I don't worry like I used to. I remember when I was traded, I was never so happy. It was as if some big weight had lifted from my shoulders. Don't get me wrong—I still like Toronto well enough; it's just that I can play better here, in Detroit."

Mahovlich has rented an apartment across the Detroit River in Windsor, Ontario, where he enjoys his days off with his wife and two children. He has other interests besides hockey—art and music, to name a couple, and you will always find him in a bridge game on plane trips. At St. Michael's Mahovlich was a good student and even expressed interest in becoming an engineer or a teacher. In Toronto, however, nobody ever wanted to talk to Frank Mahovlich about anything but hockey, whether he was standing in the cold wind outside Maple Leaf Gardens or strolling to the neighborhood supermarket.

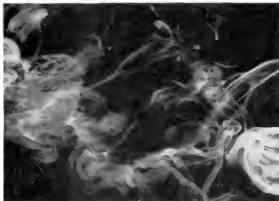
In Detroit Mahovlich will never face

the pressure of being No. 1. Gordie Howe has taken care of that, thank you, and the Big M would have it no other way. "Sure, I'd like to score 50 goals," he admits. "Who wouldn't? I don't know if there's enough time left, though. I'm just sure of one thing: I like it here."

Bobby Buin, a Detroit defenseman who played with Mahovlich in Toronto, watched the Big M slip into a bright blue plaid sports jacket, place his stick back on the rack and walk out the door. "Eleven years," Buin said. "Eleven years I played with Frank Mahovlich in Toronto and I didn't say 22 words to the guy. I never could understand him. Nobody on the squad did, so it was easier to just stay away from him when we weren't on the ice. But now everything's different. Frank's a different person. He's never played like this before and I had never seen him relaxed. Just getting out of Toronto has made a world of difference in him. We talk all the time now. He's really a very interesting guy, you know."

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## Solution to a 'silly' slam

Terence Reese, restored to good standing by the World Bridge Federation, could be playing in the World Championship again in 1970 in Stockholm. He seems about to surmount a second major hurdle in the path to that achievement by qualifying for Britain's team for the 1969 European Championship with Jeremy Flint as his partner. Flint set a record here in 1966 by becoming a Life Master of the American Contract Bridge League in less than 11 weeks of play.

Reese's comeback was more or less expected, but the British Trials did produce a real surprise: a slam deal reminiscent of one I concocted for some bridge-cruise passengers a few years ago. My idea was to run in a hand that would provide ammunition for a postgame discussion of bridge legendry, whereby declarer avoids one of two "sure" losing trump tricks that are held against him. Although quite a few good players come along on these cruises, I didn't really expect that many of the declarers would be up to the winning play.

I recall that one elder statesman, having reached the prescribed slam, laid down his ace of trumps, saw that the outstanding trumps were stacked against him and conceded down one, muttering, "Silly hand." But the situation, though rare, is so well known that I was astonished to learn that it ensnared two of England's top stars. Try your skill on the hand shown here.

Ralph Swimer, the nonplaying captain of the last British World Championship entry on which Reese played (in 1965), opened with an intermediate two-bid. After several rounds of bidding, he bid a grand slam, expecting to find just the right cards in North's hand. But the trump suit was inadequate. He needed an even split to bring home his grand slam, and when he won the first trick with dummy's ace of diamonds and led a trump to his hand, he disgustingly conceded, "Down two."

Jonathan Cassano, playing the hand in only a small slam, muffed a chance to make it in a play that is so standard you may already have recognized it.

Neither side vulnerable

South dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠	Q 8 2	♠	J 10 7 4
♥	10 7 6	♥	—
♦	A 7 3	♦	J 10 9 6 4 2
♣	K Q 10 3	♣	J 8 4

WEST		SOUTH	
♠	9 5 3	♠	A K 6
♥	Q J 4 3	♥	A K 9 8 5 2
♦	K Q 8	♦	5
♣	6 5 2	♣	A 9 7

NORTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	PASS	3♥	PASS
4♥	PASS	4♥	PASS
7♥	DOB.	(All Pass)	PASS

Opening lead: king of diamonds

When Cassano led a heart to the second trick he muttered something very like the old gent did in my cruise game: "Damn silly; down one."

However, the hand isn't silly. In fact, because favorable distribution balances the evil break in trumps, declarer can make 12 tricks. Declarer's only hope is to find West with a 3-4-3-3 distribution. The winning play is to cash the club ace at trick three, lead to the club king and ruff a diamond. Next cash three top spades ending in dummy, ruff another diamond and lead to the club queen. Actually the cards need not be played in exactly this order so long as the six black winners are cashed and two diamonds are ruffed. The remaining cards are:

♥	10 7
♠	10
♥	Q J 4
♥	K 9 8

(Inmaterial)

At the 11th trick, a trump is conceded to one of West's honors, and that disappointed player must lead away from his other honor and give South the last two tricks and the small slam. Fortunately for the honor of British bridge and for the team's chances in the next European Championship, no player went down in six hearts at any other table.

END

## MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



### SHOE-IN.

Recently, a 12th grade business and economics class in a secondary school in Ontario elected to have a Shoe-In. The entire class was going to shine shoes until it raised enough money for a magazine subscription. And guess what magazine?

You're right. The youngsters decided that they couldn't get a polished business education without knowing what the business world was doing. And every week, that world gets its picture taken from head to foot in BUSINESS WEEK. Wrote instructor Richard G. Fraser: "It's their opinion that BUSINESS WEEK is the necessary text for their course."

Yes, BW is written for management men. Its subscriptions are solicited from executives only. But we've always felt that the future leaders of business and industry have a right to BW's authoritative coverage of business news, facts, and developments. So we were happy to tell the students about BUSINESS WEEK's special half-price educational rate. It meant they had to work only half as hard.

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# Now He Gets To Shoot

*An up-from-the-streets millionaire, Wes Pavalon once had to fight—and even steal—to survive. Part of the energy that made him the world's richest schoolteacher is now being devoted to an NBA team, a plan to get Alcindor and big sport for Milwaukee*

By Pat Putnam

**A**nny day now American Basketball Association officials will begin passing a collection plate among their owners. They figure they'll need \$1 million, give or take a stack of 50s, all of which will be heaped at the feet of 7' 1½" Lew Alcindor. Then the big fellow gets his choice of the 11 ABA teams. "That's right, any team," says Alex Hannum of the Oakland Oaks. "Just so long as he plays in the ABA. The league will split the cost, then we'll ask him where he wants to play. We're flexible." The thinking, of course, is that Alcindor will be to the struggling ABA what Joe Namath is to the American Football League. At least.

It's sound thinking. Brilliant. Daring. Why it's . . . it's . . . "It's a lot of garbage," says Wes Pavalon, the outspoken young chairman of the board of the rival NBA's Milwaukee Bucks. In recent weeks this big, bearded financial wheeler has been watching, with public amusement, the ABA and its plans for landing Alcindor. "And just how," says Pavalon, "do these people think they are going to outbid the whole state of Wisconsin? If all they can come up with is \$1 million, they had better save it to buy them-

*continued*





selves a one-eyed 5' 6" center out of Humpy-Dump State."

The Bucks have a secure lease on last place in the Eastern Division of the NBA, which, this season, is an extraordinarily delightful place to be. The lowlies of the West are the Phoenix Suns, and when the season is over the Suns and the Bucks will flip a coin for the rights to Alcindor—with the residents of Wisconsin standing by for action.

"And there'll be action," says Pavalon, who last year created such a broad financial base by insisting that the NBA allow the Bucks to join the league as a public-owned company. Stock in Milwaukee Professional Sports and Services was offered to Wisconsin residents only. Something like 500,000 shares were sold. "I felt the Bucks would have a better chance of success if everybody had a piece," Pavalon says. "Now, if we can just win the right to draft Alcindor, we'll say to the people of Wisconsin—O.K., it's going to take X dollars to get him, do you want him? The NBA is talking about \$1 million. I'd say a more realistic price will be whatever the NBA offers plus what we have to add to get him. And I'm sure the people of Wisconsin will say they want him, whatever the cost is going to be. As a public company, the Bucks have a dozen ways of coming up with the money." He began to laugh. "How about this?" he said. "Convertible debentures for Lew Alcindor!" But should Pavalon feel so moved, he might just dip into his own pocket, sort out the loose change and buy the UCLA giant himself. If the mood should take him, he might even make a down payment on UCLA.

At 35, Wesley D. Pavalon is thumpingly rich, multimillionaire rich, and all but the first \$1,800 has been earned since 1954. He has so much, in fact, that he says he long ago stopped counting it. "Thirty or 40 or 50 million, or more," he guesses rather grandly. "After you string together all those zeroes, the numbers up front aren't that important." Recently, an associate mentioned that a stock in which Pavalon owns a million or so shares had climbed almost 20 points in 1968. "You made close to \$20 million last year," said the

associate. "Yeah," said Pavalon, absent-mindedly. "That's nice. Now where the devil are the plans for . . . ?"

Pavalon is also:

- A 10th-grade dropout who has a degree from Wright Junior College. When the registrar at Wright asked for his high school diploma, Pavalon went out and bought one for \$50. "Fortunately," he says, "no one at the college ever checked. But I sweated a lot while there."

- Founder (with that \$1,800), president and chairman of Career Academy, a \$200 million-plus international complex of private trade, technical and home-study schools.

- Author of many of the schools' textbooks. "I used to keep the books just one lesson ahead of the classes. Like our course for medical technicians," he says. "I'd spend all day talking to doctors and then spend all night writing for the next day's class. I just took what the doctors said and translated it into layman's terms."

- Holder of a franchise commitment in the proposed professional boxing league, when and if that dream of Jack Drees gets off the drawing board.

- Leader of a vigorous fight, with the blessing of Wisconsin Governor Warren Knowles, for an \$8 million sports arena in Milwaukee which, he believes, will bring a franchise in the National Hockey League. For starters, he pledged the first \$1 million and recently jumped that to \$2 million. (His fight for the arena has led him into a conflict with Robert E. Dineen, chairman of the board of Northwestern Mutual Life, who is pushing for an exhibition hall. "I look at Pavalon the way a surgeon views an appendix," says Dineen. "Strictly impersonal. He says he has all this backing, but in the end the mayor says the city is broke, the county is broke and the governor has put the state on an austerity program. Now, with all this, if the politicians want to throw away \$15 million or \$18 million on something we don't need, then to hell with it.")

- A noon-to-5-a.m., seven-day-a-week worker who can't understand anyone who isn't. He lives on pizza and low-calorie colas, was just named by the U.S. Jaycees as one of the nation's top 10

young men; is an avid fisherman, duck hunter and art collector, and within the last few weeks has become firmly hooked on yachting.

One Sunday recently Pavalon was riding in his limousine, a 1968 dark green Cadillac just one block shorter than Broadway, along a twisting narrow road in central Wisconsin a few miles from a 200-acre deer preserve and farm he bought last June. His public-relations people say that he bought the limousine after deciding he was wasting time driving when he could be in the back thinking. He listens to that version, then grins. "I got the car and chauffeur because the state was getting ready to grab my driver's license," he says. "Too many speeding tickets. But I didn't wait until they came for it, I mailed it in."

As he talked, Pavalon maintained close note of the limousine's progress. Every two or three minutes he would lower the window between himself and the driver, bark out an instruction, then raise the window. He is a domineering backseat driver. "Joe's a terrible chauffeur," sighed Pavalon, moodily staring at the back of his driver's head. "Always falling asleep at the wheel, always taking a wrong turn, always getting lost."

"Why do you keep him?" asked a puzzled passenger.

"Because I keep hoping that maybe someday he'll become a good chauffeur," said Pavalon, frowning. "If not, he's still a loyal guy and I'll find another place in the company for him. Too many people are ready to write someone else off too soon. Some people just need more time. I hate to see the little people get kicked around."

Wes Pavalon once was one of the little people himself. His divorced mother ran a tavern on the North Side of Chicago, where he was born. Home was an untidy, cheerless tenement flat over an ice-cream parlor, The Razzle Dazzle. From age 7 he went there only when there was no other place to go.

"Home for me was just kind of a place I got to by accident," said Pavalon. "It wasn't really a place that was there. It was—I guess—just an address to give somebody. But I never felt like I

belonged home, and I'd delay as late as possible calling an end to the day. I'd get a friend of mine and we'd walk all the way from the north side of the city to downtown, and we'd go to the Clark Theater. It was open 24 hours a day. They had a motto, 'Hark, hark to the Clark.' You ran into all kinds of odd people there. You'd sit and talk to these people and find out what it was that made them tick."

Pavalon leaned forward in the big limousine, pulled down the jump seat and used it as a footrest. Then he settled back and stared at the passing coun-

road. The two lanes swept left; the way to the right was a single, rutted dirt track. Joe touched the brake. The window went down. "For Pete's sake," Pavalon shouted, "follow the main road." Then his voice gentled. "That's good, Joe. That's good. Joe, did you go to bed early last night like I told you?" Joe nodded. "You sure?" Joe nodded again. Pavalon grunted, settled back. He put his feet on the jump seat and stared at them.

"You know," he said, "it's a funny thing, finance. People know I never went to school. It's no secret. And they ask

stealing bottles from the cellar of his mother's tavern, cashing them in and using the money to buy a newspaper stand. Winters he kept from freezing by burning wood and paper in an empty 100-gallon oil drum. Then he discovered that if he used his brain there were some easier, quicker ways. He was 9 years old.

First he discovered football parlay cards. He found that while one parlay card might be giving, say, Notre Dame's opponent 12 points, the card of another company might be giving six, or—a bonanza—only three.

"I'd run all over Chicago collecting the different parlay cards," he said, "and all week I'd read the papers, looking for injuries, watching the weather, figuring the statistics. Then I'd sit down and figure out my best bet and work from there, matching the points on one card against another and juggling my second and third teams until I found the best combination on one card." He laughed. "People now name some team that played in the '40s and I start rattling off the starting lineup, the records, who got hurt in what game. They are amazed. Well, I had to know those things."

Before long he graduated to a profitable, if illegal, partnership with a friend named Beetlebomb. They sold chances on the biggest, best-playing, most beautiful nonexistent radio ever offered in a raffle. Summers they sold sponsorships for a real 15-man softball team. For \$15 a sponsor bought a commercial on the back of one softball shirt. One summer Pavalon and Beetlebomb collected 217 sponsors. Rarely did a sponsor come to a game. If one did turn up, he always learned that his player was home sick. The shirt with the sponsor's name on the back, of course, was home with the sick player.

"That Beetle was unbelievable," said Pavalon. "He's a legend in Chicago. He came from a broken home, a lot of neglect, just tremendous disadvantages. The war was on and Beetle quit school to join the Navy. And then the Army. And then the Marines. All three threw him out when they found he was underage. When he came home the last time he wrote to every major college tel-

*continued*



Pressing his case for a new Milwaukee arena, Pavalon stresses point with Governor Knowles

tryade. He is a big man (6' 3", 210 pounds), with thick black hair and a neatly trimmed beard. His upper lip is clean. He grew the beard on a duck-hunting trip, almost shaved it off, then decided he liked it. He had worried that his stockholders in Career Academy might not like the beard. "But," he declared, "if they only bought stock because of my clean-shaven cheeks, then they had better sell." His face is long, wide and strong, dominated by a rather large nose slightly bent and a pair of dark brown eyes that are very warm or very cold, depending upon his mood. Usually the eyes are warm, for he smiles a lot. But not always. "He is," says an old friend, "one tough, crazy SOB."

The limousine came to a fork in the

me where I learned finance. They think you have to go to the Harvard Business School before you can make a dollar. Nuts! I tell them I learned my finance out in the streets. I mean you can either learn by being taught at home, and I sure wasn't getting any there, or you have to learn it yourself. My father had left, and mother, well, she was working the tavern. I guess I had a great feeling of inferiority, of hating that kind of life. After all, most mothers are home taking care of the family, cleaning the house and going away with their husbands on vacation. And my mother is running a business, and that business mostly caters to men, and, you know—she's alone."

Pavalon started learning finance by

ing them what a great football player he was. And he was, too! He got scholarship offers from everywhere, even Notre Dame. But because he hadn't finished high school he first had to take a General Educational Development Test. I took the test for him. He actually played football at several colleges, and he was a great defensive end and a fine bare-foot punter.

"When Beetle got tired of college, he came home and went to Roosevelt High School under one name, and he went to Wright College under another name. And he played football for both of them at the same time. He wore the first set of contact lenses I ever saw. Big as eyecups. We had to hold a raffle to get the money to buy them, so you can see the raffles were for good causes."

If football was Beetle's game, basketball was Pavalon's. "Wes was a gym rat," says a good friend, Ed Kelly, who then was the athletic director at Green Brnar Park, just across the street from the Pavalon flat. "He couldn't shoot a basketball for nothing, but he sure was tough under the boards. Big and strong, and clumsy. He'd half kill anybody who got between him and the ball. And he was always dirty. Holes in his pants, holes in his shoes."

"Ed Killer Kelly," says Pavalon softly. "This man is a priest, a rabbi, a psychiatrist, a physician, a coach, a friend—everything. He's spent his whole life in the park district keeping kids out of jail, keeping kids away from narcotics, keeping families together. He fed me. He was a father to me."

"There was an awful lot of hate in Wes," says Kelly, now an assistant superintendent of Chicago's parks, as well as committeeman for the 47th Ward. "Hate for life itself. He was always ready to rebel. Always ready to fight. What a bunch of screwballs that gang had. Always being chased by the coppers. Always in some kind of trouble. I'd look out in the street at night and there they'd be, pushing some car down the street. I'd yell, 'Wes, put that damn car back.' And he would! But I'll tell you something—Wes was smarter when he was 10 years old than I am right now. He didn't join me, I joined him."



*Pavalon stalks deer, rides the rolls and hooks a rainbow trout as he sates the pleasures of*

The big green car came to an unmarked crossroad and slowed. Pavalon hit the window button. "Turn right, Joe," he ordered. The car began to turn left. "Joe, right. Turn right." Joe made the correction. Pavalon sat back, shaking his head. "We'll be at the deer farm in a few minutes," he said.

"That Kelly—he never would let me take a shot during a game," Pavalon resumed. "He was always telling me to wait. I'd get so mad I'd feel like kicking the basketball out of the gym. But, you know, I was learning, and I didn't even know it. I mean, when I played center it was my job to pick, to rebound, to pass off, and it was my job to understand my inability to score, based on the percentage of shots taken, as compared to my two guards and two forwards."

"That's how Kelly psyched me. He was training me to know that you should give a person the opportunity to work up to potential, to appreciate people for their competence at the level of their talents. The Packers don't expect Henry Jordan to be a quarterback. They expect him to be a defensive tackle, and

the best. It's the old thing of teamwork. I was trained in that at Green Brnar Park. Kelly trained me. You don't just learn that. You're not born knowing that if you can't shoot from the outside, you damn fool, pass the ball off to someone who can, because the name of the game is win."

One year Kelly's team battled its way to a park championship final, and, with two minutes to play, it had a 30-point lead. Pavalon was begging Kelly to let him take just one shot.

"Not yet," said Kelly. "Hey, you other guys, keep the ball away from Wes. Wait a bit."

"Kelly," Pavalon pleaded. "Now there's only 30 seconds left. Let me take just one lousy shot. This game is going into the newspaper."

"Not yet," Kelly said firmly. "I'll let you know when."

And time ran out. Pavalon chased Kelly into the dressing room. "For Pete's sake, Kelly, why didn't you let me take one shot?"

Kelly, who is 5' 7", reached up and patted Pavalon on the shoulder. "Kid,"





field and stream on his personal preserve.

he said, "I don't want you to get no bad habits."

Pavalon was still laughing, talking about never getting to shoot and discussing Kelly's ancestry when the car reached the farm. The large main house sits just off Route W in Fond du Lac County, 50 miles from Milwaukee.

"Come on," said Pavalon, leaping from the car. "I want to show you the golf course and some of the biggest rainbow trout in the world."

"Golf course? On a farm?"

"Sure," he said, pointing. "Right up on top of that small hill. Come on, we'll take the train."

The train is a tiny open car operated by motorized pulley that runs almost straight up on a pair of rusting 30-foot rails. At the top is the golf course: 110 yards in length, three holes, each one with three different tee locations. Pitch-and-putt. "Great, isn't it?" said Pavalon, standing on the mount and surveying his private links. "Someday I might even try playing the silly game. Let's go back down. I'll let you push the button that starts the train."

PHOTOGRAPH BY REND ECHTERBERG

At the bottom, 50 feet behind the house, is the first and largest of a series of clear pools, spring-fed and bountiful with fat rainbows. A handful of feed brought better than two dozen of the monsters thrashing to the top of the pool.

"One day," said Pavalon wistfully. "I'm going to come out and spend a whole day fishing for these beauties. Come on, let's look at the deer."

The deer were just a few yards away, 10 of them, in a combination icehouse-fish hatchery, strung up, very dead. They all looked as though they had been on severe starvation diets. "Stunted," said Pavalon, frowning. "I hated to see them killed, but the conservation department said it was the only way to build up the herd. Weed out the weak; leave the strong. We left just one big, strong buck."

From the farm the limousine sped on toward Green Bay, where in a few hours Pavalon was suffering while watching the Packers lose to Chicago. Henry Jordan, the defensive tackle, is a close friend, and, because of the friendship, Pavalon has taken on the role of unofficial financial adviser to some of the other Packers.

"You know," Pavalon said, "it was for people like Henry Jordan, for all professional athletes, that I wanted our basketball team to be a public company. I want an opportunity for everyone, and I mean the players and the coaches, to share in the equity. The way things are today, a ballplayer just can't build up his net worth. You can't do it on a salary; the government grabs most of that. It was important to me that we have a public company so that we would be able to think in terms of stock option plans, of stock bonuses.

"I've got a guy working as a clerk who's worth close to \$1 million. He got it through our stock options. Why shouldn't a Henry Jordan or a Bart Starr or any athlete have the same opportunity? Now, I'm not talking about an indiscriminate bonus. Remember, a stock option can be set up the way we did at Career Academy and the Bucks, where an option is given to buy—well, here's how it works:

"An option is granted to buy 100 shares of XYZ Corporation at the market value at the day of grant. So if the market value on the day of grant is \$10 a share, what you're giving is the option, for \$1,000, to buy 100 shares. Now there are restrictions in an option that say, for instance, in order to exercise that option you must stay with the company or the team for a period of three more years, or five years, or whatever.

"Say you have the right to buy 100 shares after a period of three years. Now, if during that time the value of the stock appreciates, and you have met the obligation of doing your job with the degree of excellence required to stay employed, then you can exercise your option. Say the 100 shares of stock are now worth \$10,000, or \$50,000, they are still yours to buy for \$1,000.

"Now, if a Henry Jordan has done his job with enough excellence to be employed for the last 10 or 11 years, why shouldn't he have the opportunity to exercise a stock option? He's done his job. It's not really a bonus. It's additional compensation. Now, I'm not saying, why don't the Packers do this? They can't. They're not a public company. I'm not saying how come it wasn't done, either. I'm saying that if we have public companies involved in sports in the future—and it's coming to that—a public company can give an athlete opportunities that he does not have now, opportunities to gain in liquidity and net worth.

"Last year Henry asked me if I would spend some time with Starr and Fuzzy Thurston and Lionel Aldridge and some of the other Packers that were in town. I did, and this only reinforced my belief that we are on the right track in pro sports. Athletes are interested in equity. Athletes are smarter today, and they are just as concerned as anybody about their future.

"I mean, here's an athlete, say age 35, my age, and he has to go into an entirely different field in almost all cases. A good example would be a Packer I never met, Bill Forester. A great line-backer. Just great. I asked Henry about him the other day. He said, well, he's working. And his wife is working. Why? He put in enough years, he should have

Continued

some equity now. After all, a corporate executive is given an opportunity to have equity. He doesn't start looking for his equity in a strange position at the age of 35."

Pavalon understands net worth, and also will never forget the lack of it. He was 14 when his grandfather died. A poor unlettered cobbler who had emigrated from Grodno, Russia, the grandfather's last ride was to a county hospital in a police ambulance. Pavalon rode with him. For hours the old man, bleeding from the ears and mouth, lay in a hallway unattended. He died there. A few months later Pa-

"We need an older man with plenty of experience," said the man who had placed the ad. "How much experience do you have?"

"Plenty," said Pavalon.

"How old are you?" You look a little young."

"I'm 24." Then Pavalon laughed. "You should see my father. He's almost 50 and he looks only two years older than me."

"Can you teach?"

"Certainly."

He got the job. Within six months he was running the school. Two years lat-

they let me have the stuff. I thought a tremendous amount. And I took it all right back with me to Milwaukee. I didn't dare let it go by itself. I was afraid I'd lose it."

"Then, after the school opened, I went to auctions in Chicago, cleaned up the equipment I bought and sold it to my students. They had to have it when they graduated, so I figured why not make an extra profit? I even worked out a deal with a finance company to make loans on the equipment if a student didn't have all the money. Finance is only logic; I didn't have any money. So it was a question of how you do it. You figure it out. You've got to be self-reliant in this world. If you can't stand by yourself, you're sunk."

Pavalon soon found himself running out of TV repair students. There are only so many. He added two courses: one in air conditioning and refrigeration, the other an appliance repair. He knew nothing about either, but he knew how to find out. "I went to technical people who knew. If I can make you tell me so I can understand, then I can put it in words so other people can understand. I was a translator, a screening device."

He sat down with draftsmen, with dentists, with physicians. He spent hours with experts in appliances, in refrigeration, in air conditioning. "Dentists and doctors," he says, "they make so damned technical-minded. They can't go right to the students. They go way over their heads. I bet I know more about taking out an appendix or casting a gold inlay than any layman alive. I love reading medical journals. My dentist says I'm the only guy who gives him a grade after he cleans my teeth. But I'm nuts about my teeth. I'm afraid I'll lose them, and I don't know what the devil the fear is from."

Later Pavalon added courses for radio and television broadcasters and for hotel-motel executives. Today there are 15 resident schools, in 12 major cities, and 11 home-study courses. In 1968, 18,293 students were enrolled, paying fees of close to \$15 million.

In 1967, Career Academy went public on the American Stock Exchange.



*Sitting among his Bucks, Pavalon chats with Gus Rodgers (right) and Trainer Arnie Garber.*

valon watched his grandmother die in the same hospital in a dirty, cluttered, overcrowded ward. He buried both of them with money made from selling phony raffle tickets. "I swore to myself," he says, "that no relative or friend of mine would ever again go to a county hospital. Never. I was going to be able to pay that hospital bill somehow."

He took his first real step in amassing the "somehow" in 1951. He was 18, fresh from a quickie course in TV repair and out of work. He read an ad in a Chicago newspaper. It said, "TV repair technician wanted." What it meant, he discovered later, was, "TV repair *teen* wanted." He answered the ad.

er he raised \$1,800 by selling his car, moved to Milwaukee and opened his own TV school. He was 21. His first daughter, Marcy, was five days old.

"How I hated to give up that car," recalled Pavalon. "It was a brand-new convertible. It was beautiful, I polished it twice a day. It was the first good thing I owned in my whole life. But I sold it and I took the money and went to an auction in New York City. Some electronics company had gone out of business, and there I was, a scared kid, bidding against big-time surplus dealers. But they were looking to make fantastic profits, and when I outbid them by \$5, they stared at me like I was out of my head. But

"Your ticker symbol will be C-A-R," said the ASE to Pavalon.

"I don't want C-A-R," said Pavalon. "I want R-R-R, for Rending, 'Roting and 'Rethmetc."

A polite cough. "Sorry, but the ticker symbol always is the first three letters of a company's name. That is the tradition."

"Zap the tradition," said Pavalon. The ticker symbol for Career Academy is R-R-R.

The sun, the temperature and the Packers had fallen, and now the limousine sped through the predawn darkness, returning to Milwaukee. After the game, Pavalon had rounded up some of the Packers—Jordan, Aldridge, Jerry Kramer, Ray Nitschke—and their wives and had taken them to dinner at the Left Guard, Max McGee's and Fuzzy Thurston's swinging restaurant in Appleton, Wis.

The limousine rolled on through the night. It was 4 a.m. Pavalon had been up since 6 the morning before. So had the chauffeur. A half hour out of Appleton, Pavalon leaped forward, lowered the window and shouted: "Joe, pull over. Pull over right now."

The long green car slowed, pulled over to the side of the road. Pavalon got out: "Joe," he said, "get in the back and go to sleep." The two changed places, and for most of the trip Pavalon—perhaps because he had mailed back his driver's license—hardly exceeded the speed limit.

"You know, it's funny," he said, steering the big car almost as an afterthought with one hand while holding a cigarette with the other. "But this night reminds me of another one a long time ago. A night a week before Christmas. I was in the seventh grade. There was this Christmas tree lot not too far away from my mother's tavern. A friend of mine, who's now a distributor of educational books in Chicago, and I were passing this lot, and all of a sudden I got this idea that we should give a tree to our school. Maybe it was because Christmas wasn't too much at home, or maybe it was just because I spotted the biggest Christmas tree I had ever seen in my life and I just

wanted to steal it. It seemed like it went 50 feet in the air. It was right in the middle of the lot.

"Well, we stole the darn thing and dragged it through alleys to the school. It was snowing like crazy. The people at the school were delighted. Then the guy came looking for his tree and found it. Somebody squealed on us, I guess."

He sighed. "It certainly didn't win me any points, because a year or so later they transferred me out of the place. I never did have much luck with holidays as a kid.

"There was one Halloween—I was

understand. She didn't. She sent me home. I hated her. But I got even. I shot her right in the funny with a B-B. And she got even with me, too. She gave me my walking papers, shipped me off to a strange school, right away from my group. So in the end, she had the last laugh. Funny, how you remember things like that."

The limousine reached the silent outskirts of Milwaukee, barely slowed, then, at last, came to a stop in front of a downtown hotel. The chauffeur was still asleep. Pavalon and his passenger climbed from the car, stretched, yawned



Laughing among the Packers, Pavalon dines with Willie Davis (right) and Lionel Aldridge.

only 8 or 9 and hardly in a position to afford a costume. And I didn't want to be . . . I was always different than the other kids, I felt, because my environment at home was different. This Halloween, trying to be like the rest of the kids, I wore long red underwear I borrowed from my grandfather. I put a pillow inside and had a great mask with a beard on it. I wore it to school—and the principal sent me home because she said that was . . . you know . . . that I looked like . . . that it was immoral or something because the underwear had a trapdoor.

"You think she'd have looked at me and said, oh, the poor kid, and tried to

and shook hands. The passenger started into the hotel, turned and came back. "Wes," he said, "we've been together for almost 24 hours, and one silly question keeps popping into my mind."

"Well, ask it," said Pavalon.

"It's foolish, but if you were, say, 12 or 13 or 14 again, and you had all the money you have now, would you trade all those millions for the ability to put a basketball through a hoop?"

"You've got to be kidding," said Wes Pavalon, leaping and twisting in the cold air and firing off an imaginary one-handed push shot. Then he burst into laughter. "For Pete's sake," he said, "don't tell Kelly I just took a shot." **END**

# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## WEST

1. UCLA (19-0)
2. SANTA CLARA (28-0)
3. WEBER STATE (20-2)

The blizzard was in Utah, but Wyoming Coach Bill Strannigan felt he was the victim of a snow job in Albuquerque. "We lost it right at the end with a lousy call," he lamented. "I've never had a game so tough to take." What drew his ire was that the Lobos, who won 65-63, had scored four points after the buzzer had sounded. New Mexico went in first 35-34 when Dave Culver, fouled as the first half ended, sank two foul shots. Then, with the score 63-61, Ron Becker scrambled after a loose ball and was fouled as time ran out. Becker, like Culver, sank both ends of a 1-and-1 and Strannigan agonized. Further north, Arizona and Arizona State trekked through the snow to challenge Utah and Brigham Young in other Western Athletic Conference games. Although Arizona's Bruce Larson warned his players, "You never win in Salt Lake City and Provo when you run with Utah and BYU," his Wildcats and the Sun Devils were forced to make haste, and both were outrun and outshot. Arizona, making only 35% of its shots, lost 105-75 to Utah and 70-66 to BYU. State, making 36% of its shots, lost 104-87 to Utah and 102-89 to BYU. That left BYU in first with a 5-2 record, one game ahead of Utah.

Life was equally frantic for teams in the Southwest Conference, but when all the excitement had subsided, Texas A&M was in first place and all alone. Seventh-place Rice got things started with a 75-73 upset of Baylor, a team that had been expected to go nowhere this season but which had started the week tied for the lead with the Aggies. Baylor followed up with a 63-58 win over Texas, but fell a game behind A&M when the Aggies struggled to a pair of overtime victories. The first came against Texas, 70-69, on two free throws by Ron Peret in the final seven seconds. Improbably, the Aggies had an even harder time against Rice, rallying from a nine-point deficit in the last four minutes of regulation play and a four-point handicap in overtime before winning 84-83. SMU tied Baylor for second by getting past Texas Tech 84-65 and Arkansas 76-68.

Nothing perturbed UCLA or Santa Clara as both teams frolicked through the Pacific Eight and West Coast AC. The Bruins defeated Washington State 83-59, while the Broncos beat San Francisco 72-47. Last-place Stanford dumped Oregon State 70-61 and Oregon 81-76 in the Pacific Eight. Idaho took three in a row from Idaho State,

but Weber State kept at lead in the Big Sky by winning three of its own, all against Gonzaga.

Colorado State made it 14 wins in 17 games as it stopped Denver 79-62. Marv Roberts' 43 points against Montana State were not enough to keep Utah State from losing 86-76, nor were his 35 enough to stop Notre Dame from winning 108-82.

New Mexico State's Aggies were riled up. They had been dropped from the UPI and AP top-20 lists despite winning three games in a row since the previous voting, while New Mexico, which had split two games, had moved up. The Aggies took their frustration out on Texas-El Paso 78-62 and West Texas State 69-66.

## EAST

1. LA SALLE (20-1)
2. DUQUESNE (16-2)
3. ST. JOHN'S (18-3)

"Finney has been telling me that if I would just get a little confidence in him he would do a job for me," said Syracuse Coach Roy Danforth of Bill Finney, a sophomore who had been averaging 3.5 points a game. Given a chance to play against Canisius when teammate Bill Case got into early foul trouble, Finney scored 22 points in an 85-78 win. Thirteen of his points came as the Orangemen, trailing 56-53, spurred to a 71-64 lead. In a brief appearance in an earlier game against Colgate, Finney got six points as Syracuse won 86-85.

Bob Lanier of St. Bonaventure, who does not have to plead to get into the lineup, was superb against Marquette, finishing with 36 points and 16 rebounds as the Bennies won 84-62.

St. John's had little trouble beating Niagara 97-60, but labored to earn a 51-46 win over Fordham, which was unable to score in the final seven minutes and 10 seconds. Niagara's Calvin Murphy, who had 29 points against the Redmen, poured in 42 as the Purple Eagles beat Iowa 104-78.

With Ken Durrett getting 16 points and 21 rebounds, La Salle easily took care of American University 96-72. Then, as Durrett put in 13 of 17 shots, the Explorers beat St. Joseph's 84-67, giving them the Philadelphia Big Five title with a 4-0 record. Providence defeated St. Joseph's 80-77, and then came the tough one for another Philadelphia team. Villanova stopped Canisius all right, but ran into Duquesne at Pittsburgh and suffered its fourth loss, 70-59.

A pair of wins, 70-62 over Rhode Island and 67-63 over Penn State, upped Boston College's winning streak to 11 games. NYU

made it nine in a row, outscoring Lehigh 87-70 and Georgetown 87-67. At Rutgers the streak reached eight as the Scarlet Knights beat Georgetown 85-72, Delaware 105-73 and Army for the first time since 1952, 49-47. A 98-80 win over Holy Cross left Duquesne with a 16-2 record. Ed Studet of the Crusaders, who had 24 points in that loss, scored 36 in a 97-68 win over Massachusetts. Connecticut's Bob Staak sank a jump shot at the game's end to down Boston University 74-72.

Princeton clung to its two-game lead in the Ivy League, stopping Yale 67-56 and Brown 75-56, as Jeff Petrie of the Tigers scored 30 points in each game. Columbia and Cornell took turns beating Dartmouth and Harvard, while Penn kept pace by downing Yale and Brown.

## SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (19-2)
2. SOUTH CAROLINA (17-3)
3. DAVIDSON (20-2)

Pete Maravich of LSU went on a scoring rampage, totaling 170 points in three games. Averaging 42.8 a game, he is now the first junior in NCAA history to reach the 2,000-point level and already is ahead of Oscar Robertson's two-year record of 1,962 points. Maravich accomplished all this despite an injured right knee, which may be operated on after the season, and a painful growth on his right heel, which has forced



**SOUTH CAROLINA'S** Roche drives in for basket as surprise win against North Carolina.

him to wear a special shoe with padding. When Maravich was battered to the floor against Auburn, the team trainer and Pete's father, Coach Press Maravich, turned to his side. Looking his father in the eye, Pete said, "I'm not coming out, so forget it." He stayed in, wound up with 54 points and LSU had a 93-81 Southeastern Conference win. Maravich scored 50 in a 95-79 loss to Florida and had 66—a record for an SEC player—as the Tigers lost to independent Tulane 110-94.

Even more stunning than Maravich's scoring was Florida's 82-81 upset of Kentucky. To win the game, Boyd Welsh of the Gators sank four free throws and a layup in the last two minutes. For the Wildcats, who earlier had beaten Mississippi State 90-69, it was their first loss in a dozen SEC contests. Florida, meanwhile, won three times as Neal Walk had 34 points against LSU, 19 against Kentucky and 24 in a 75-73 win over Vanderbilt. The Commodores also lost to Mississippi 75-68—their sixth defeat in a row—before defeating Alabama 89-74. Moving to within one game of Kentucky with a 10-2 record was Tennessee, which used its stingy defense to hold off Mississippi 61-45 and Georgia 57-55.

South Carolina's strategy against North Carolina not only was precise, it worked. When the defense was not forcing the Tar Heels to shoot over a tight zone, the offense diligently set up multiple screens and picks for John Roche, who took sum 23 times and connected on 17 tries. Roche ended with 38 points, the Gamecocks with a 68-66 win that left them tied with North Carolina for the Atlantic Coast Conference lead.

There was no catching Davidson in the Southern Conference. The Wildcats finished 9-0 in the league race by stopping Richmond 114-95 and Furman 103-67.

Georgia Tech, exhibiting a perked-up offense, downed Air Force 88-67, Tulane 90-79 and Georgia 73-66. Virginia Tech beat Virginia 68-64, Florida State brought its record to 15-7 by stopping Dayton 79-71 and West Virginia, which had lost seven of its last eight games, got 56 points from Skip Kinnel as it beat Pitt 89-69 and Duke 90-88.

## MIDWEST

1. PURDUE (14-4)
2. OHIO STATE (14-4)
3. LOUISVILLE (16-3)

Louisville, capitalizing on Jerry King's foul-shooting accuracy and on a seldom-used defense, tied Tulsa for the lead in the Missouri Valley Conference. It was King who sank two free throws in the final seven seconds of overtime to clinch an 83-81 win over the Hurricanes, and who put in another pair in the last nine seconds to beat Wichita State 65-62. As for the defense—a half-court zone press they had not even practiced for a month—the Cardinals put it to

use when they trailed the Shockers by 12 points with 11 minutes to go. Tulsa was upset for a second time, 76-63 by the Cincinnati Bearcats, who became aroused after Coach Tay Baker had been hanged in effigy. That occurred after Cincinnati's 75-73 loss to Wichita State on Ron Mendell's 30-footer at the buzzer. Drake beat Bradley 73-72 and North Texas State 91-67 to advance to within 1½ games of the leaders.

In the Big Ten, first-place Purdue lost 88-85 as Ohio State made good on 26 of 31 foul shots. Speaking later of Purdue's Rick Mount, who scored 35 points in that game—and 35 more as the Boilermakers downed Wisconsin 87-69—State Coach Fred Taylor said: "He's a pure shooter—the best outside shooter I think I've ever seen." Ohio State added a 55-41 win over Minnesota to pull within a game of Purdue. Northwestern, in its first game under new Coach Brad Snyder, got a 91-88 win over Indiana. Michigan State's John Benington announced that he had nominated Harvey Schmidt of Illinois as Coach of the Year, then beat him 75-70. Illinois had its hopes further dashed when Michigan's Rudy Tomjanovich scored 37 points as the Wolverines won 92-87.

Western Kentucky was jostled out of the lead in the Ohio Valley Conference. The Hilltoppers, who lost 85-77 to Eastern Kentucky, relinquished first place to Murray State, which beat Tennessee Tech 62-59 and Eastern Kentucky 80-78.

Colorado retained its half-game lead in the Big Eight despite a 70-68 loss to Kansas State. The Buffaloes earned a split for the week by beating Oklahoma 92-69, while runner-up Kansas got by Oklahoma State 45-41 before losing to Missouri for the second time by one point, 56-55. Sophomore Cliff Meely set a Colorado record with 16 field goals against Oklahoma, thanks to Assistant Coach Chuck Gardner. It was Gardner who saw to it that Meely got back into the game in the waning minutes so that he would have a chance to break Gardner's own record of 15.

Miami of Ohio, losing 60-59 to second-place Ohio University, missed three shots in the last 24 seconds and with them a chance to clinch the Mid-American title. Xavier also beat the Redskins 59-51 and stopped Detroit 104-67. The Titans played that game without Spencer Haywood, who was suspended for two games after throwing a haymaker at a referee in a wild game at Toledo. Detroit beat Toledo 92-90, in spite of 17 rebounds and 39 points by Steve Mix. In his next game, a 66-58 win over Kent State, Mix had 39 points, the fifth straight time he had scored that much or more.

Marquette beat DePaul 66-55, and Creighton had three wins—90-88 over Seattle, 94-80 over Oklahoma City and 93-66 over Loyola.

END

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## PUBLIC DEFENDERS (CONT.)

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the illuminating article regarding Victor John Yannacone Jr. and the Environmental Defense Fund (*All He Wants to Save Is the World*, Feb. 3). Some of us are well aware of the battle by this stouthearted group against the use of a pesticide similar to DDT in Michigan. Thank God for such people. Without these brilliant, aggressive activists we would not be making much progress against pollution, including hard pesticides.

I also want to commend you very strongly for your article *The Nukes Are in Hot Water* (Jan. 20) by Robert H. Boyle. Many of us in Michigan are greatly worried about potential thermal pollution in the Great Lakes as, we understand, a number of nuclear power plants are in the planning stages. A year or so ago you had a very wonderful article on our ecology, and I recall that you suggested a Department of Natural Resources in our government (*How to Stop the Pillage of America*, Dec. 11, 1967).

Please keep up the good work. Your fine magazine is must reading for all conservationists, naturalists and ecologists, as well as sportsmen generally.

A. WARREN WUGHTER

Detroit

Sirs:

Victor Yannacone is a man who expresses views of conservation identical to mine in a powerful way. You may want to inform him that there is at least one other person who wouldn't mind cracking a few skulls for the sake of a healthy environment.

Just yesterday, after I had organized a small conservation group among several friends, one of the members and I went down to a local plant and collected samples of the effluence that was pouring directly into the river. One pipe was gushing hot water into the river at the rate of approximately 200 gallons per minute, while another outlet was running a fatty, dark gray pollutant that was almost wholly opaque in nature. This flowed at a rate of approximately 180 gallons per hour. We wouldn't mind a little advice on how to start "shoving back," either.

I certainly wish Mr. Yannacone success in his future battles to keep America a fit place to live in. Also, I was greatly delighted, to say the least, when I read your article *Let There Be Steam* in the same issue. That somebody is actually developing a steam car with the idea of fighting air pollution gives me no small amount of pleasure. It seems possible that someday all Americans will be thankful, with every breath of clean air they take, that a man by

the name of Bill Lear was taken from the brink of death.

LEONARD LANG

Hutchinson, Minn.

Sirs:

Contrary to Vic Yannacone's advice I am writing one last "letter to the editor" to commend *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for being the first to print in a popular magazine that we have a right, possibly Constitutional, to breathe clean air and receive full benefit of our natural heritage.

More articles like this will awaken the American sportsmen and their contacts to the "effluence of the affluent" and to their rights to a clean America for themselves and their progeny.

MICHAEL E. VOSSIN

St. Paul

Sirs:

Heartily congratulations on the Gilbert Rogan and Robert Boyle articles. You are thereby spearheading a fight against further pollution, which is long overdue. They are both dandy articles and should prove most helpful to all conservationists, who often seem to be waging a one-sided battle.

W. DOUGLAS BORDEN

Charlotte, Vt.

## HIGH EXPECTATIONS

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on the great job Joe Jares has done on the University of Santa Clara (*A Simply Dandy Sublimity*, Feb. 10). I am sure that many of the other students at the university share this same opinion.

Mr. Jares not only presented an excellent defense of our fine team against Ronald Green's comment in the *Charlotte News* but he presented all *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* readers with an interesting and unbiased commentary on what makes our quietest rank third nationally. His article should be added to the many other *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* gems.

The SCU students are anxiously awaiting the NCAA West Regionals in Los Angeles. Many are optimistic about the big game with UCLA. As Jares said, the Jets beat the Colts, so it might be said that the Broncos beat the Bruins.

STEVEN A. LAPHAM

Santa Clara, Calif.

Sirs:

Thanks for the recognition, but your coverage leads those unfamiliar with California to believe that Santa Clara is no more than a rural hamlet. You point out the unknown towns of Los Altos, Los Gatos and Milpitas but fail to mention that Santa Clara

is rightfully recognized as a city and part of a vast megalopolis known as the San Francisco Bay Area.

Coach Garibaldi's friendliness with the gas station attendant epitomizes the small-town atmosphere. How about the 379 bars and nightclubs within the limits of the San Jose-Santa Clara twin cities? Day life, night life, student life here in Santa Clara are all superb. This place is happiness in a big way.

DON ODERMANN

San Jose, Calif.

Sirs:

I feel compelled to comment on a statement from your article that "Santa Clara stepped way down in class to sweat such mosquitoes as UC Davis." This year the Cal Aggies have easily beaten St. Mary's, which happens to be in the middle of Santa Clara's league, the WCAC. We are also well on the way to our third straight championship in a league that includes San Francisco State, the only team to lead Santa Clara at halftime this season. I just wanted to point this out so that when the Aggies win the NCAA "Small Mosquito" Division this year, you won't be too surprised.

DAVE CRAWFORD

Davis, Calif.

Sirs:

Thank you for your excellent article on the Lamar Tech Cardinals (*Lamar May Be Little, But It Sure Isn't Minor*, Feb. 3). The small colleges, like Lamar, get very little publicity, and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is the only magazine that brings attention to them.

I'm sure that if everyone could have seen the Lamar Tech Cardinals play the Houston Cougars they would realize why Lamar deserves recognition. Thank you for putting Beaumont on the map.

RICK SANDERS

Bridge City, Texas

## ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND

Sirs:

Your article on High Jumper Dick Fosbury (*Beats Backward Gets Results*, Feb. 10) brought to mind a subject that is a favorite of a guy I used to work with. He considered the high-jump record really belonged to a Gymnast Dick Browning, who tumbled over a bar at some unbelievable height a few years ago.

Apparently track punts felt there was something illegal about Browning's style. As a matter of fact, Browning's feet escaped my attention completely. But my friend claims it happened and points to a notation in the *Gateshead Book of World Records* to support his claim. My question is:

continued

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## 10TH HOLE continued

Just what are the restrictions on high-jump-  
ing style?

JACK MAJOR

Pittsburgh

• AAU rules state that the high jumper must take off from one foot. Dickie Browning, who somersaulted backward over a bar 7' 6" high in 1954, used a two-foot takeoff. The *Gunnies Book of World Records* cites Browning as "the greatest tumbler of all time" and lists, as part of his high tumbling gymnastic routine, a backward handspring, backward somersault with half twist and double backward somersault.—ED.

## CROWNS AND HELMETS

Sirs

Does your Mr. Mulvey realize he is putting his neck in the same noose as your writer did last year by saying that Boston will end Montreal's reign and form the next dynasty in hockey (*Booby Orr & the Animals*, Feb. 3)? There are only two teams in hockey that can win the Stanley Cup, and they are both from Canada. American teams with the cup about as often as Montreal changes coaches—once in the last 13 years.

The Canadian teams don't have players who have long thick sideburns or wear bell-bottom pants. Their players hardly ever win scoring championships or fill up the All-Star team. In fact, Mr. Mulvey might not recognize some of their names. But, funny thing, they always have the Stanley Cup.

So, Mr. Mulvey should not become confused. If he wants to write about a collection of characters, then he just did. But, if he wants to pick a winning team, he must take his choice. Montreal or Toronto.

PETER MCGREGOR

Waterloo, Ontario

Sirs

While I enjoyed Mark Mulvey's article on the Bruins, there was one statement he made that should not be passed over without comment. According to Mr. Mulvey, Bruin fans do not tolerate "timid players" and "particularly dislike players who wear helmets." Presumably, then, if a player wears a helmet he is especially timid. What's that make a player who wears shoulder pads? Why should the young players coming along be given the idea there is something timid about wearing a helmet?

I've been a Bruin fan for years but I'm no admirer of Boston fans or their standards. If last year's fatality had been an Orr or an Esposito, instead of Bill Masterton, perhaps the attitude in Boston would be different.

Most players admit helmets should be worn but say they can't get used to them. Yet they get used to wearing other pro-

fective equipment: shin guards, elbow pads, shoulder pads and the like. Why not a helmet?

If a player doesn't want to wear a helmet, that's his business, but let's not glorify his stupidity by confusing it with bravery.

C. H. MOULTON

Canton, Conn.

## ONE EXAMPLE

Sirs

Your Jan. 20 SCORECARD item entitled "Hogwash" hit very close to home for us. Our son, a student athlete at a western university on a football scholarship, was dropped during final exams of the fall quarter because he "didn't grow" to the coach's expectations. He was one of a number dropped from scholarship without being given a chance to compete.

As individuals we can do only so much alone. But after reading your sympathetic article, we thought maybe the support of your magazine would help. At present, we have contacted the NCAA requesting an investigation of this matter. So far the university has failed to inform us of the termination, not to mention a legitimate reason for its action.

We not only seek to aid our son's cause but hope to prevent further abuse of all sincere athletes, especially boys who have proven to be good students, athletes and citizens and not tall clowns just getting by.

MR. AND MRS. L. T. MADIGAN

Daly City, Calif.

## NOISE

Sirs

Garry Valk's LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER in the Jan. 27 issue commenting on Frank Deford's football story, *The Year of the Great Fan Draft*, was a timely one. I had just begun to gather some material for a possible story on this subject, and the tentative title is *Let's Kill the Color*. The television networks could save a good deal of money by just letting us fans watch the game and seeing to it that *TV Guide* or the daily papers carried a numbered roster, as a good many of them do.

I have a different halftime procedure from Frank Deford's. I turn off all the sound and, after noting the time carefully, get up and take a walk. This not only eliminates the annoyance of the announcer and the color men, but it also saves me from having to listen to those blaring commercials and the halftime shows and interviews. As for the game itself, all I need is an occasional look at the clock. I can count the downs. I've been doing it for 50 years, even before there were any TV announcers or P.A. systems.

FRANK C. McMANUS

Kalamazoo, Mich.

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